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"DON'T FORGET!"

Richard Wagner

WRITTEN BY A. DE BURGH

ILLUSTRATED AFTER PHOTOGRAPHS BY HEINRICH HEUSCHMANN IN BAYREUTH, AND OTHERS

*No might or greatness in mortality
Can censure scape.*—SHAKESPEARE: "Measure for Measure"

ANOTHER year's pilgrimage to the shrine of Wagner is over. It was simply a repetition of the biennial procession of Europeans and Americans to the last home of the great yet frequently abused composer, whom some call the creator of the "Music of the Future." We grant that much of the popularity of the function which takes place every alternate summer in the old Bavarian town of Bayreuth is due to its having become the fashion; but looking upon the crowd gathering there, one can soon see that a large majority of the pilgrims belong to that class which could not afford to pay so costly a tribute to the mode as to travel the many leagues which lie between their homes and the place of the festival. No, the impression everybody carries away from the opera house in the Bavarian hills is that Wagner is greatly beloved, his music much admired and appreciated, and his memory sacred to many hearts. Those who have looked upon the scene at the theatre, which is filled to its full capacity, can bear witness that as soon as the prelude has commenced there is not a sound to be heard, the multitude of listeners seeming to be awed into silence. Though "Persival" is an opera the performance of which lasts

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RICHARD WAGNER

through hours, rarely does any one leave the house before the very end. The first act takes nearly two hours, then there is an interval of three-quarters of an hour, the second act lasts an hour and a-quarter, another interval, and then comes the third and last act of an hour and a-half.

So we have fully four hours and a-half of music more solid, subtle and mysterious than tuneful—and not a cough, not a word of conversation, not

one creak disturbs the infatuated and attentive audience. But who has not read and heard of the wonderful performance at Bayreuth? We need not go so far to find genuine admiration for the works of the great maker of harmony. London proves its existence sufficiently, for in spite of a large hostile party, Wagner's operas always fill the houses well. Even in Paris, where a few years ago the production of "Lohengrin" at the Eden Theatre was prohibited by an outbreak of violence which compelled the administration to give it up and pocket the enormous loss its preparation had caused, a revolution of feeling has

of the struggling artist, whose genius he had recognised.

Fortunate circumstances have thrown me twice into the company of the great composer, and I had the privilege of hearing him at the piano and listening to his words of explanation of his "themes" and their development. Of course, it is well known that he was a poet, and to most of his operas he has written the libretto himself. As far back as 1833 young Wagner began, but never finished an opera, called "Die Hochzeit" (the wedding). He wrote the words and composed an introduction, a chorus and a septet. Asking his elder



WAGNER'S VILLA IN BAYREUTH

taken place, and has proved how true is the aphorism "that genius has no age, no sex, no country." Wagner's operas are now most successfully brought out in the Grand National Opera House in Paris. The name and fame of the great composer can neither be written up or down! They are immortal. Less known is the history of the great man, a history which reads like fiction—and frequently do we forget to link with Wagner a noble but unfortunate Prince who, a close friend of the master, was the one to lift him up when almost unknown and unappreciated, and who placed his royal purse at the disposal

sister for her judgment upon his work, she gave an unfavourable one, as she did not like the plot. It is a bride's wedding night, and a friend of the bridegroom, full of jealousy and passion, climbs to the bedroom-window of the bride. After a short struggle she hurls him into the courtyard below, against the stones of which his head is battered in. The next act brings us to the funeral of this victim of mad jealousy and the heroine falls dead over his corpse.

However, this was not Wagner's first effort, as there is still extant a drama of the most blood-thirsty nature, which he wrote when he was a school-boy of

fourteen. In this extraordinary work forty-two of the speaking characters were killed in the course of the first four acts and several of them had to come back in the shape of ghosts in the last act in order to bring the tragedy to an end.

Wilhelm Richard Wagner was born in Leipzig on May 22nd, 1813. His father, who was a commissary of police, died a few months afterwards, and the child was given a step-father in the person of Ludwig Geyer, actor, playwright and painter. When Richard was only seven years of age he lost also his second father, but not before Geyer had strongly advised his step-son to become a painter. The latter having no talent at all in this direction, and finding that music was more to his liking, further lessons in drawing, etc., were discontinued, but there was no encouragement given to Wagner's musical proclivities.

How he managed at last to be allowed to devote himself to his favourite pursuit will best be seen by quoting from his autobiography:—"In my ninth year I was sent to school at Dresden. I wished to study playing the piano, but I was not permitted to do so. Two of my sisters played fairly well, and I loved to listen to them. My favourite music was contained in Weber's 'Der Freischütz.' A tutor who taught me Latin had at last to give me lessons on the piano, and before I had gone through the scales I studied secretly, first without notes, the overture to the Freischütz, but when my tutor heard it, he predicted that I should never be a first-class performer on the pianoforte. He was quite right. I occupied my time principally with the study of Greek, Latin, mythology and ancient history. I also tried my head and hands in the composition of some poems. I wished to become a poet, I projected dramas after the prototype of the old Greek masters. I learned English only in order to be able to read Shakespeare, I even translated metrically the monologue of 'Romeo.' The great bard of Stratford-on-the-Avon ever remained my ideal.

"About four years later I entered the High School at Leipzig, but some trivial matter offended me, and I lost all



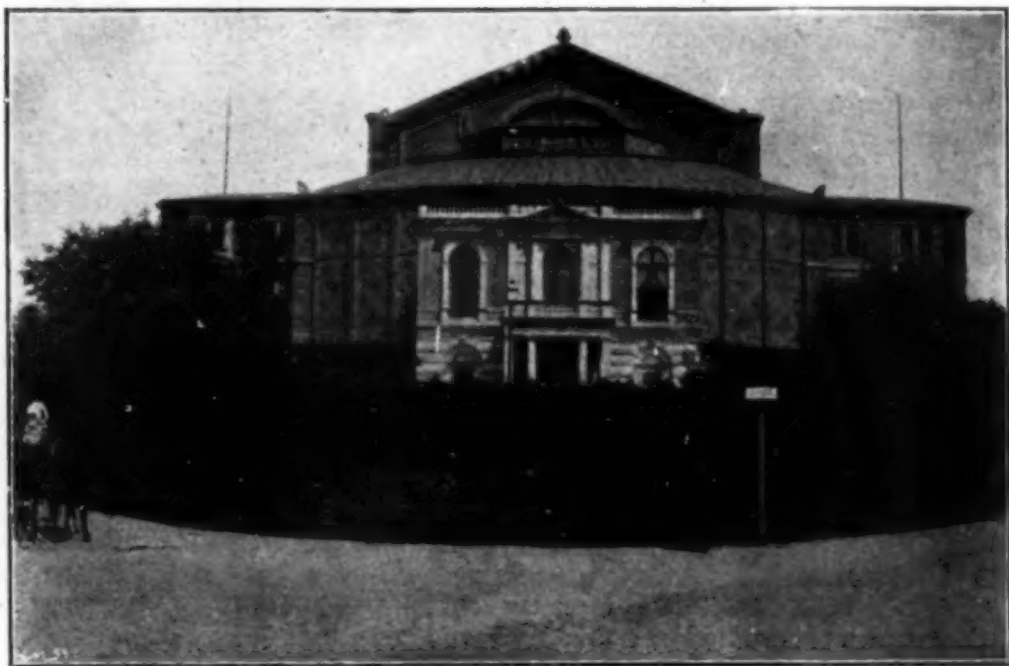
KING LUDWIG IN HIS 20TH YEAR

love for study, my heart was given entirely to the idea of a great drama. However, it was here that I heard for the first time Beethoven's and Mozart's music. The impression I carried away with me was one of the deepest reverence, admiration and awe. Beethoven's music composed for the drama 'Egmont' threw me into such raptures, that I felt no drama of mine could satisfy me except accompanied by melodies expressing in tunes what words could but coldly set forth. I had no misgivings in my own mind as to my capability for writing the music, still I thought it would be wiser to make myself at least partly acquainted with the rules of the counter-point. I borrowed 'Logier's Method' for a week, and I became so interested in the study of it that I then and there decided to devote my life to music and composition."

We shall only very briefly refer to the many difficulties our composer had to compete with, to the ups and downs he was subjected in his onerous career, to his many disappointments, his blighted hopes and his despair. When his first composition, an overture he had written with great care, was produced at the theatre at Leipzig, it only caused laughter. He was deeply chagrined and discouraged by the failure of his

creation. However, it was at the same time an incentive to more study. Wagner felt he would eventually succeed; he made a new effort and was fortunate enough to meet with a man of great learning, who was able to show the youth where he was at fault. The composer of the music of the future could never speak with sufficient gratitude of that teacher, Theodor Weinlig, of Leipzig. When they parted, the old master said to his young pupil: "You have studied diligently and I can heartily congratulate you on your attainments, but the greatest of

the leader of the orchestra. It was only once performed and was not successful. In 1836 our master became musical director at the opera in Königsberg; here he married, but financial difficulties and poverty prevented his genius from rising at once above mundane worries. The only work he produced of any importance at this time was an overture, named "Rule Britannia." From Königsberg Wagner was transferred to Riga in 1837, and here he composed the first of his immortal works, "Rienzi," taking the subject from Lytton's beautiful novel.



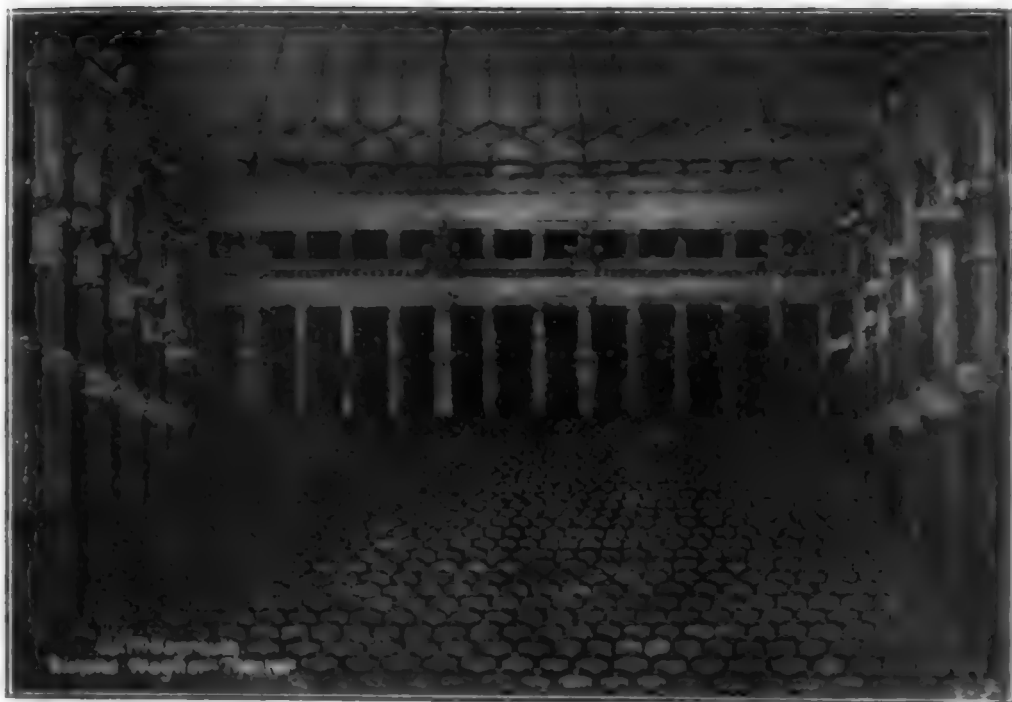
WAGNER THEATRE

them are your spirit of independence and the originality which I perceive in you."

How true a prophet Theodor Weinlig proved himself, the future career of Wagner showed abundantly.

In 1832 and 1833 various symphonies of the young composer were played and found some admirers. Wagner's first opera was called "The Fairies." It was never brought out with the exception of the overture, which was performed at a concert. His second work, the libretto, being taken from Shakespeare's "Measure for Measure," was offered to the public at the theatre of Magdeburg, where Wagner became

The year 1839 was an important one in the life of the great musician. Finding himself but little appreciated in his own country he decided to go to Paris, then even more than now one of the great centres of the musical world. His means were so slender that he chose the cheapest way and shipped with his wife in a sailing vessel at Riga for London. The journey took nearly four weeks and was an extremely stormy one, even so much so that the ship was obliged one time to run for safety into a Norwegian port. Here it was that Wagner heard the legend of the Flying Dutchman, and his experience



THE AUDITORIUM OF THE THEATRE

of the storm and the sea suggested to him the wild and weird music he has given to us in that grand opera.

From London Wagner went to Boulogne-sur-Mer, where he made the acquaintance of Meyerbeer, who perused his "Rienzi" and advised him to go to Paris, promising him his assistance there. But fate seemed to be against the maestro. He had to be satisfied with empty promises and found that journalism offered him a likelier and easier means of livelihood than music. He became a member of the staff of the "Gazette Musicale," and remained so to the end of 1841. In his leisure time he composed "The Flying Dutchman."

At last the poor poet-musician saw some light dawn upon his darkened existence; "Rienzi" was accepted for the Dresden opera house, and the "Flying Dutchman" for Berlin. So he returned to Germany, and he says in his autobiography on this occasion: "At last I saw the Rhine again, and with tears in my eyes I, the poor artist, swore to remain true in future to my German 'Vaterland.'"

There is now for the next seven or

eight years little to relate in the life of the subject of our sketch. He became the Musical Director of the Court-Opera in Dresden. As might be expected of a man of broad views, an idealist, a poet, when the storm of the revolution which, starting in France in 1848, swept over the greater part of the Continent, burst also over Germany, and Saxony especially, Richard Wagner adopted without hesitation the side of the people, and his words, "That equality among men would have to come at last, whatever means might be necessary to accomplish it," which have become historic, showed his sentiments at that period. When the battle had come to an end, and the people were defeated by the overwhelming military power, Wagner was obliged to flee his country, and it was the Abbé Liszt who secreted him at his house in Weimar so successfully that the police were unable to find him. From that time forward there existed the most sincere friendship between the two great musicians. Our composer reached Paris safely, and then moved to Zurich to find an asylum in the Alpine Republic. Here he wrote two works of

note, "Ueber das Kunstwerk der Zukunft," from which the expression, the "music of the future" was adopted, and "Opera and Drama," which literary productions gave him a high position as a writer.

Years passed in a struggle more or less severe, and it seemed impossible for Wagner to reach the height which alone would satisfy his ambition. Whether his genius would have ultimately triumphed over the daily cares and worries which pressed upon the master's brain, if he had not found a Royal patron, is a matter of surmise.

In 1864 the Munich dailies brought the following news:—"Richard Wagner has arrived here, and at the Royal Opera House is in preparation his grand opera 'The Flying Dutchman.'"

One would hardly have thought of what enormous importance this short notice was in its consequences for the world of music at large and for the creator of the opera in particular. It was the young and romantic King Ludwig II. of Bavaria who desired to have near him the man whose composi-



PAUL PRINZ VON THURN AND TAXIS



KING LUDWIG II. OF BAVARIA

tion had made so strong an impression upon his impulsive soul, that so deeply loved all that was beautiful and ideal. So openly did the King show his admiration for Wagner that the latter soon became the object of the most bitter jealousy of the Court party and the people in general. The composer was frequently admitted to audiences at the palace when courtiers were refused the privilege, and it was reported that the interviews often were prolonged into the small hours of the morning. Ludwig felt that to allow Wagner's genius full scope the author of "Lohengrin" must be released from financial troubles, and he ordered a villa in Munich to be furnished according to the composer's design, and the garden to be laid out as a grove where the maestro might remain in undisturbed communion with the Muses. A new school for music was projected, and the King expressed his intention to build a grand new opera-house solely for Wagner's operas.

The great war of 1866 brought many



HANS VON BÜLOW

changes, and the financial position of the kingdom did not permit these plans to be carried out. "The Flying Dutchman" and "Tristan and Isolde," produced in 1865, won great success. We must remark here that at that time Hans von Bülow was the Musical Director of the Munich Opera-House.

In the same year (1865) took place an extraordinary and unique production of parts of "Lohengrin." On the twentieth birthday of the King (August 25th) the Fairy Opera was performed in the open air on the shore of the "Alpsee" (Alpine lake), near the Royal Castle of Hohen-schwangau. The orchestra, greatly augmented from the military bands, was under the leadership of Bülow, and the title rôle was sung by Ludwig's equerry, Prince Paul of Thurn and Taxis. The performance commenced at ten o'clock at night, the whole lake was illuminated with fairy lights, and the scene of the arrival of Lohengrin, in silver armour, in his swan-boat as he came from the furthest dark recesses on to the glittering sheet of water and approached nearer and

nearer, to the accompaniment of the exquisite music, which seemed to float through the tranquil air, the orchestra being concealed, is said to have been indescribably beautiful. The King was deeply moved.

But dark days were to fall once more upon the poet-composer's life. The Bavarians, persuaded by the enemies of Wagner, compelled the King on December 9th, 1865, to sign an order of expulsion against his friend. "To show my love for my people I grant their request"; thus read the order. The exile left Munich at once for Lucerne, where he devoted his life entirely to his art; here he also married afterwards the divorced wife of his great friend,



PRINCE PAUL VON THURN AND TAXIS AS "LOHENGRIIN"

Hans von Bülow, Cosima, who is still alive, and is now proprietress of the Wagner Theatre at Bayreuth.

The King-friend of the great composer paid various private visits to his Swiss abode, generally only accompanied by Prince Paul of Thurn and Taxis and a trusted valet.

Wagner had been a widower for some years, and it is strange that, although Ludwig took so much interest in the public and private life of the master, he never recognised in any way his married state, and ignored the whole affair,

where "Sir Walther of Stolzing and his Squire" had arrived on horseback at midnight of the previous day. The Bavarian Premier telegraphed to Richard Wagner urging the King's immediate return to give his signature to the most important orders bearing upon the mobilisation of the army, etc. The composer laid the matter before his Majesty, who without delay returned to Munich by the shortest railway route.

Many facts, officially stated, show beyond any doubt that King Ludwig was most warmly attached to the great



BAYREUTH

which, of course, afforded much material to gossip and scandal-mongering, all those concerned in the divorce suit and the subsequent marriage being prominently before the public. The former had begun in Munich, the latter took place in Switzerland.

It is an historical fact that when, at the time of the outbreak of the Prusso-Austrian War in 1866, King Ludwig II. could not be found at any of his castles in Bavaria, he was at last discovered at the villa of Wagner near Lucerne,

master, and that his purse was always at the latter's disposal, and large sums were paid over to the credit of the young Monarch's friend, whose influence upon the romantic sovereign was considered by many most dangerous. Wagner, being known as a democrat, had soon not alone the Ministers against himself, but also the Town Council, the aristocracy, and the great majority of the Members of both Houses of Parliament, and so strong proved this feeling and the agitation that the King was

reluctantly obliged to yield, as we have seen. His hopes to recall the great maestro again after the storm should have passed were never fulfilled. Wagner, who received a princely allowance from his royal patron, came only to Munich for short sojourns in connection with the production of his operas. At such occasions he was the guest of the Monarch. At the first representation of "The Meistersinger" the King invited the composer to take a seat at his side in the royal box.

Wagner had never given up the idea of building an opera-house, and with the financial assistance of the young King this conception became a reality. The town of Bayreuth presented a suitable piece of ground, and in 1872 the first stone of the new theatre was laid. In 1876 the master gained his greatest triumph, for in that year, when his house was opened with the "Nibelungen Ring," he saw a pilgrimage of princes and commoners, of musicians, poets, men of letters, high and low, moving towards his temple of the Muses to hear the greatest musical poem the world has heard—the grandest creation of the

grandest musical genius of this century. Crowned heads, even the venerable, aged Emperor William I., princes of the blood, world-renowned statesmen, bearers of the most illustrious names in Europe and America, met here to do him honour.

Richard Wagner did not long survive his final triumph; he died on February 13th, 1883, at Venice, of heart disease. It is reported that more than 5,000 telegraphic despatches sent the sad news to all parts of the world, the first being forwarded to the friend and patron, King Ludwig II. of Bavaria.

The body was brought back and buried in the tomb prepared by Wagner at Bayreuth, but his fame is undying, and the more his immortal tune-poems become known the more they are understood and admired. Bayreuth has become the modern Mecca of all music-loving nations.

His last work, "Parsifal," is the sole property of his widow, and cannot be performed anywhere but at the Wagner Theatre, the profits derived from the productions belonging entirely to Madame Cosima Wagner.



ROYAL PALACE AT BAYREUTH

The Vampire Bat:

A STUDY FROM LIFE

WRITTEN BY SYDNEY TRAVERS. ILLUSTRATED BY DUAMOT



I.



HE last guest had left the hall where the ball had been held. The last lights had been put out, and they were preparing to close the doors for the night.

Outside, the men who had lingered in the smoking-room were waiting to have a last word with their friends before starting homewards, and to form themselves into little parties according as their directions agreed.

There was only one man who preferred solitude to jovial, boisterous companionship, and, owing to the character he was generally believed to possess, he found it difficult to obtain it.

But he succeeded in the end.

He watched the other men disperse, and heard the ring of their footsteps and the sound of their voices die away in the distance. He waited a moment, lit a pipe, rolled up the collar of his great-coat, and turned to walk slowly homewards.

He liked an hour like this.

His footsteps made the pavement ring—it was the only sound he could hear. The starry, frosty sky gave the mystery of infinity; the gas-lamps, flickering feebly, held vague suggestion; the memory of bright eyes, of smiles which he never lacked, of the dainty swish and bright colours of satin skirts occupied a brain which might otherwise have run riot.

"Never to have time to think," is one definition of happiness, given by those to whom Thought has brought most of

their sorrow. And Kenneth Ker was one of those.

It was a mind instinctively sensitive to the finer things of life which made him welcome Fancy as a means of shutting out Thought. To-night there were pretty speeches to echo in his brain—the touch of gloved fingers still seemed to linger on his arm—there was a delicious suggestion of future possibilities. And the still, wonderful sky above lent a poetry to his surroundings which saved his finer instincts from finding them commonplace.

Fleeting touches of memory and light fancies were pleasant butterfly companions to take home—far pleasanter company than the Vampire Bat Thought, whose presence is always grave, and very often sad.

It was almost unconsciously that Kenneth Ker spent so much of his life doing battle against this same Vampire Bat. He owed it a grudge for having robbed him of the sweets of childhood and darkened his boyhood, and for threatening to throw its shadow on all his walks of life.

But lately it had seemed to be at last dying of starvation, and the traces of its influence were leaving his face. Eyes with a shadow in them, and a sigh like that of a woman, were the only signs which told of its vanishing presence.

A strong instinct bade him enjoy his life, and when he found that the loss of early ideas, and the disappointment of high ideals were going to interfere with that enjoyment, he deliberately stamped out both ideas and ideals to avoid the loss and the disappointment.

He was trying to forget how to think. And in his ordinary life, spent day by



"HE WAS IN THE MOOD TO LET AN
IMPRESSION TAKE HOLD OF HIM."

day in the office, with considerable relaxment and amusement, it would have been fairly easy to do so; but the finer strings were there, though untouched and untuned, and growing slack for neglect, and they jangled discordantly when reached from some outside source.

And then the Vampire Bat who had seemed to be dying of starvation waxed into feeble life, and the struggle was to fight over again.

The cool night wind blew against his face with a touch that seemed caressing after breathing the hot air of the ball-room he had left. The town he lived in was a peculiarly beautiful one, and walking westward he could see half-a-dozen spires traced in delicate dignity against the luminous sky.

He loved beauty in form and colour indeed in all its many phases.

He was nearing home when a carriage overtook, and passed him. Following an instinct that was almost part of his character, he turned his head to see the occupants.

The light from the street-lamp flashed into the carriage, revealing for a space of time which seemed less than a second the face of the girl who was sitting with her back to the horses,—and leaving in his mind an impression rather than a memory of that face, framed in the

fluffy feather trimming of a white cloak, with great dark eyes that seemed to look straight at him, and rich dark curls falling apart on the temples.

He was in the mood to let an impression take hold of him.

He would like to have looked longer at that face—he wondered if he would see it again.

He lived alone.

This played into the hands of the Vampire Bat, and forced him to arm himself with all kinds of memories—memories that ran riot themselves sometimes, and obliged him to blot one out forcibly with another.

The mantelpiece in his little sitting-room was rich with photographs. He had others in his album—one or two in his desk.

He had to go to his album to renew the memories he sought for this evening.

But somehow the face he had seen in the carriage got between him and the faces of the photographs he held in his hands.

The next morning he went to his office—as he did every day—and found it very dreary and interminably dull, and fantastic fancies might never in his life have come his way, for all the part they had in his brain in those office hours.

At night he dined with some friends, and went with them to the theatre. It was a small party, consisting only of his hostess, Alison Gray, her father, and himself. She was a girl with a tired clever face—only twenty-two, but seeming old for her years, being motherless and an only child.

Almost immediately they took their seats he saw that the girl who had driven past him the previous evening was in the theatre too.

She sat on the other side of the circle, almost opposite him.

"Five minutes allowed for bowing to your friends," said Alison Gray, looking round her. "Do you know many people, Kenneth?"

"Yes—no—not very many."

"That is well, for you can give me all your attention."

He laughed and looked at her approvingly. She was not very pretty, but always exquisitely dressed. He liked exquisite things, and her opera-cloak

and her fan were a real satisfaction to him.

A moment later he noticed that her eyes had wandered over to the face opposite.

"Do you know who that girl is?" he asked her.

"No—I do not remember seeing her before. I have been looking at her. I am glad I have good eyes and do not need to aim opera-glasses all over the house. Do you admire her?"

"I don't know."

"Which means you do. She is pretty."

"Yes."

"And looks ignorant and unlearned. Don't look puzzled, I mean it. She is, I suppose, about eighteen, and not what people call 'out.'"

"How do you know?"

"She looks as if she had ideas about knighthood and chivalry."

"Would it be impossible to be 'out' and have them?"

"Of course. Men take care of that."

"A modern ball-room does not foster the belief in twin-souls," said Kenneth meditatively.

"Where are your wits? I said nothing about twin-souls. Her beliefs do not include twin-souls. But that does not matter—she will come out soon and lose her pretty ideas. It will take her longer than most people."

"Why?"

"You are stupid. If you have a bag of peas and you scatter them all along the road, the bigger the bag the longer they'll last."

"Someone might pick them up—" laughing.

"You have a wonderful faith. Does one look on the ground for ideals? That others have cast them away is a poor motive for saddling oneself with them. What rot we are talking. I shall make a point of getting to know her, and introducing you to her."

"Do."

"On second thoughts I won't."

"Oh, why not?"

"For a variety of reasons that you are not sufficiently subtle to understand. You may continue to worship her from afar. Meanwhile, you will come to me to be amused."

"No one could be 'blue' with you."

"I have the knack of being amusing—I wish that curtain would go up—it is a questionable gift. Nevertheless, being my only one, I make the best of it, and hope that I keep you out of worse mischief."

"You are an enigma."

"Bosh—I beg your pardon—but that is my only way of being amusing. A woman is only interesting to a man when he does not understand her. I am safe in letting you into my secret because you are too stupid to believe it. Now don't talk—curtain's going up at last."

The lights were lowered—the theatre was in semi-obscurity, and all eyes were turned to the stage.

Now that Alison was engrossed he took the opportunity of looking over to the girl in the white cloak.

He liked the white cloak—but Alison's purple velvet with its cascades of lace was more fascinating.

But the dark eyes and glossy black hair and the delicately moulded features of the girl opposite had a beauty to which Alison had no pretensions.

If only he could get to know her. He had never seen such glorious eyes.

Twice when he looked over to her he was surprised to find those eyes on him.

Did she know him by sight, and by name? And if so, what had she heard of him?

It made him sick to think she knew him as the undignified hero of sundry scuffles on the stairs—after supper—at dances.

Girls talked, and he was accustomed to know that they said, "He's a dreadful flirt," after mentioning his name.

But he hoped now, that if this girl had heard of him at all, it was not in connection with any common-place ball-room episode.

For he knew that there were some people, here and there, who would speak of him differently.

The situation interested him. It was within the range of possibility that he might know her some day. Meanwhile she was a very very pretty picture to look at.

He was sorry when the final act ended, and he was obliged to rise.

He went home with Alison. Mr.

Gray had gone straight from the theatre to his club.

Alison was accustomed to do just as she liked. She took Kenneth to the luxurious little smoking-room, and lit a cigarette first for him and then for herself.

"I am glad to get away from that beastly play," she said, nestling back in the cosy arm-chair and stretching out her feet to the fire. "It affected me. Oh, don't try to look sympathetic. Your thoughts were far enough away from the stage."

"Nearer my companion."

"Trying to be amused no doubt, instead of being improved. You should have attended; the play was elevating."

"I am a hopeless case."

"There is nothing so gloriously satisfactory as hopelessness. Half the misery of the world is caused by useless striving, and hopelessness finishes that."

It was the sort of sentiment he liked. It suited him.

"That is jolly," he said.

"Don't you congratulate yourself. You are given to wayside kindlinesses which prevent you being happily hopeless."

"They are cheap, and often easier to do than to leave undone. Much good any I have done will do."

Alison looked at him through the smoke that was leaving her lips.

"They have no doubt taken the bitterness out of someone's pain, and so lessened the sum total of wormwood in the world. A little kindness goes a long way—" she stopped and sighed.

He looked up at her sharply. It hurt him to hear her sigh like that.

She was just as quick to see that it hurt him.

"Kenneth—it is fatal to happiness to begin being sorry for people—for the world is wide, and where will you end? I advise you to have a whisky and soda. I will ring for it, and have some port-wine myself."

"I rather wish you were my brother sometimes," she said to him an hour later, when she opened the hall-door for him, and bade him good-night.

As he walked home alone, he did not know whether he wished it too or not.



"HE LOOKED UP AT HER SHARPLY."

II.

From this time he often saw the dark-eyed girl. He met her in the street and passed her driving, and when he went to a concert she was invariably there.

Each time he saw her she seemed more lovely, whether her face was framed in the white feathery cloak or shaded by a wide-brimmed velvet hat.

She attracted him, but he was not certain whether he wished to know her or not.

Finer sensibilities are not conducive to enjoyment; therefore, when enjoyment is an end, they must be crushed. And those who have the power of awakening and thrilling those sensibilities must be avoided, while those who can dull them are to be courted.

It was a slowly-acquired habit, not a thought-out plan, which guided him, and he was quite unconscious that he was so guided.

As the season went on he over-tired himself. He was not a very strong man, and want of sleep knocked him up sooner than he liked to own. And then

he fell victim to a life-sapping physical depression which he had no power to reason with or health to conquer.

He was in the depths of one of his blackest moods one dreary wet afternoon, when he came upon Alison in the street.

He had not seen her for some weeks, but she never asked him why he came or why he stayed away.

"Isn't it a beastly day?" he said. "And I feel beastly too—water splashing down from above and water splashing up from below."

"It makes the air clean. Come with me a little way, I have something to tell you." Alison still looked fresh and serene, in spite of drizzling rain and low-hanging clouds. "I have met your divinity."

"Oh, have you? But why do you—"

"Because you recognise her under that name. I met her at an afternoon At Home two days ago. She is called Madeliene Hurst. By some attraction of opposites she took a liking to me."

"What is she like to talk to?"

"Sweet. That expresses her better than any other word. She is not clever, but she plays the violin divinely. I make up my mind quickly—and I like her. I am going to get her mother to ask me to call."

"You will introduce me to her if you get a chance?"

"Yes—perhaps. You will possibly fall in love with her, but do not let her fall in love with you, and above all, do not marry her. You would be wretched if you did."

"Would I? Why?"

"She would set you up on a pedestal and worship you. You could not possibly stay there, and you would be unhappy at every downward step you were obliged to take, because it is not natural for you to hurt people."

He did not like that last phrase of Alison's. It made him think after he had left her—and Alison did not often say things that made him think.

The rain drifted down drearily and incessantly, and he got more and more depressed.

He had to dine alone—a melancholy meal, not enlivened by the sound of the pattering rain on the window-pane, and the steady tramp, tramp of the passers-by on the wet pavement below.

The Vampire Bat he hated spread its wings and shadowed him heavily.

For a few moments it seemed that it was going to conquer him. But with the strength of habit he threw it off.

He had a dance that night. He began to look forward to it as he went into his room to dress. He expected to meet one or two girls whose society he found entertaining.

He would enjoy it—somehow—and throw off this fit of "blues."

Of course life was very sickening at times, and no doubt there were those who would call him frivolous. But suppose he gave up his frivolities, what had the serious side of life to offer him in their stead?

Nothing.

He was cursed with faculties keenly sensitive to the whirling doubts and the great sorrow of the world, yet powerless to combat them.

What was left him then but to forget their existence?

What good to the world would be his impotent pain?

As long as he had youth's keenness he would fill his life with pleasure—or excitement. When he was old, things would not matter so much. Age was duller and blunter than youth.

He danced till the early hours of the morning, and got more tired than ever. There was no pleasant walk home under frosty skies—the rain fell all through the night, and when the stars are hidden it often seems as if they might just as well not be there.

He came in, chilled and depressed, to find his fire out and his sitting-room most gloomily untidy.

He gave the lifeless embers a kick to see if he could not extract a companionable spark from them.

He had not enjoyed the dance at all. His partners had disappointed him—they were not interesting. One of his favourites had just got engaged, and had found it convenient to pretend all the evening that she did not see him.

Girls were all alike, and all uninteresting, he said to himself. All except pretty Madeliene. Madeliene was different. If only he could get to know her. He was glad she was not clever, and glad that she played the violin divinely.

He loved music. It awoke his imagination, and made life beautiful and fantastic, and peopled it with mysterious, fascinating personalities. And it sent thought right away from him.

"I did not think I was the kind of man to fall in love with a girl I have never spoken to," he said to himself, "but I feel to-night as if that was just what I had gone and done."

He went to bed, and lay listening to the rustle and the patter of the rain till morning light began to look through the blinds, and the rain stopped. Then he went to sleep and dreamt of Madeliene.

It was a curiously real dream. Most dreams seem real at the time, but awakening usually dispels the illusion.

But when he woke the reality still clung to him. He could recall every detail of the scenery that he had seemed to be in the midst of.

He was wandering down a stream with a fishing-rod in his hand, in a cloud of

spring sunshine, and a glorious spring landscape stretching for miles around. He could feel the yielding ground beneath his feet, and hear the water rippling softly past him. The sun was too bright on the water for fishing—he was going slowly down stream in search of shade. And suddenly and unexpectedly he came on Madeliene, sitting alone on the bank with a book in her hand, and primroses growing in clumps all round her. She was dressed as he had never seen her, and the little cap she wore on her head was quite new to him. She raised her head and looked at him long from those great, glorious dark eyes of hers, and then she rose and held out her hand to him and said, very simply and girlishly—

"I have wanted to know you such a long, long time."

Then someone knocked violently at his door, and he woke—first with a feeling of regret that he had been taken out of his happy semi-consciousness, and then with a quick gladness as he remembered that Madeliene, at least, was no vanishing dream, but a living, lovely reality.

It seemed quite natural that he should meet her when he went out that morning.

There was a mild Spring wind blowing, carrying with it a breath of budding woods and flowering meadows, and she seemed the incarnation of the promise of Spring in her wide violet-decked hat and a great bunch of tall white Annunciation lilies in her hand.

She looked at him wistfully, or did he imagine it?

If she had stopped and said, "I have wanted to know you such a long, long time," he would not have been at all surprised. He even felt a little disappointed when she looked away and passed on.

The wind with its flower scents and warm moist breath played softly on his face.

He was young enough to feel its infectious hope. Life was after all very good, for did it not hold wonderful possibilities, among them the possibility of knowing sweet dark-eyed Madeliene?

Perhaps yesterday's depression had something to do with this reaction of life and hope.

He wanted boyishly to go after her and say, "Come with me, and let us go to meet this blessed Spring together."

Had he stopped to think he might have considered himself foolish, but as he did not think he was spared the useless humiliation.



"SHE LOOKED AT HIM—WISTFULLY, OR DID HE IMAGINE IT?"

But he had owned to himself last night in the fog of overwhelming depression that he was in love with her, and now in the daylight of sunshine and hope he owned it again.

With that subtle gladness born of the wind and the coming Spring whispering to him that to bring her brightness and her beauty into his life was not impossible, he watched her out of sight, and wish slowly gave place to resolve.

He lived through that day feeling more affinity with the clouds and the wind than with pavements and stone walls. He felt very exalted, and he believed that he was very happy.

The exaltation and the belief lasted, with only a few fits of depression from reaction, for many following days, in spite of the fact that success to his wish seemed very unattainable. Hardly any of his many friends knew the Hursts. Those who did promised aimlessly to introduce him if they "got the chance," but as the chance seemed little likely to turn up, he did not waste very much hope on those promises.

But he went on hoping, indefinitely, all the same. And, as so often happens when we set our minds on attaining an end, the helping hand that brought it within reach was from a very unexpected quarter.

Kenneth sat in his rooms one evening entertaining, or trying to entertain a youth who had thrust this visit upon him.

He was not fond of well-meaning unintelligent youth. He liked children, and dogs. Children are often amusing, and they carry an element of mystery with them which appealed to him. Dogs are faithful, and he found that it was very pleasant when the world treated him, as she always does her devotees now and then, to a series of small buffets and neglects, to be able to meet a pair of untailingly devoted and loving eyes.

But he was not quite old enough or quite strong enough to have that large-minded affection for youth, that is anxious to hold out a helping hand to those who are following behind.

And this boy was not only boring him, he was occasionally being actively annoying, for he seemed to have eyes for everything.

To an ordinarily unobservant visitor, Kenneth's rooms were ordinary. To an understanding observer they corresponded with the strange contradictory elements of his nature. For Kenneth had a trace of the unhappy psychic nature which corresponds so helplessly with its surroundings, yet he was sufficiently practical and keen-witted to arrange his surroundings, when possible, so that they might bring no jarring influence with them.

So anything suggesting memories that were sad or sordid was very much in the background. All that was prominent was dainty or artistic, or of pleasing associations.

And this again from no conscious plan—merely the result of obeying the demands of his very complex nature.

"Jolly lot of photos," said the boy; "regular tidy little place, not like other fellows'."

"I like things to be reasonably tidy."

"Can't keep my things tidy somehow. I say, did a girl work that table-cover?"

"No, I bought it at a bazaar" said Kenneth, telling a deliberate untruth. He was cursing himself for having been so weak as to let this boy invade his rooms, and wondering what possessed him to stay so long.

"Awfully pretty lot of girls—those photos."

"I do not care for the portraits of an awfully ugly lot of girls."

The boy giggled. "Tremendous lot of pretty girls in this town, aren't there?"

"I don't know. Except in pictures, I don't care whether a girl is pretty or not, provided she looks nice."

"He—he. You are a funny chap you know."

A pause. Kenneth would like to have taken him by the collar and dropped him out of the window. He was meditating saying that he had an engagement, when the boy got suddenly interesting.

"Madelienne Hurst's about as pretty a girl as there is in town."

"Yes, she's awfully pretty." Kenneth had a soft, very sweet, and often almost caressing voice that gave expression to the most crude utterances.

The boy looked pleased. "Know her?" he asked.

"Only by sight."

"Awfully decent sort—her people. Give jolly dinners too. Come and call with me, will you?"

Kenneth felt his heart give a quick throb. He looked sharply at the boy's foolish eager face.

"Was it chance, or was it design? Had Madeliene —?"

"Are you sure they would not mind?"

"Mind! bless you, why should they mind? I can take any one I like. They are kind of relations of mine."

The boy's stupidity was certainly his most attractive feature now.

"It's awfully good of you," he said, hesitating because he did not want to get conspicuously warm in manner.

"Monday's their day. Come next Monday. I'll call for you at your office."

"Had you not better ask them first?"

"I tell you they—I mean—I can take any one I like."

"Have you ever taken a stranger before?"

"Thousands of times—at least—but hang it, look here, don't you want to come?"

The boy looked hurt and disappointed.

"Rather," said Kenneth, warmly now. If this conversation was the result of a former one, it would certainly in its turn result in a third, and the boy's exaggeration should be on the right side.

"Rather," he repeated. "I have been wanting to know them ever so long."

The boy looked immensely relieved.

"Well, Monday then," he said, "and don't you be afraid they don't want you—a good looking chap like you."

Kenneth laughed nervously. Stupid as that boy appeared to be, he could not make up his mind to ask the question he would have given so much to have answered.

"Well, I must be off."

"Already," exclaimed Kenneth, startled at the sudden movement.

"Got heaps of work to do. S'long then, old man. Awfully good of you to let me look you up—remember Monday."

And he went blundering and clattering noisily out.

Kenneth sat down again and looked into the fire.

Had that been a triumphant twinkle in the boy's foolish eyes? Had he come for a purpose, and gone directly he had accomplished it? And if so, what had been the motive of his purpose?

There was nothing of the braggart about Kenneth. He was not even ordinarily conceited. The psychic in his nature refused to allow him to derive much inward and permanent satisfaction from small successes in the life against which it rebelled.

But to-night it seemed just that psychic element which rose and asserted itself above all others and claimed Madeliene's invitation—if invitation she had given. And which even claimed sweet Madeliene herself, crying aloud the while "I—I, who have tortured you, troubled you, poisoned your pleasure, have brought you the very desire of your life. You have crushed me, despised me, hated me, and now, only by my strength have you attained this wonderful thing."

Kenneth gave himself up to the bewitchment of the moment—watched this rosy light playing on the mists of his future life.

He had an engagement later, but he did not fulfil it.

The many-sided nature which usually found some degree of congeniality in almost all company was perhaps for the first time in his life merged in one absorbing interest.

And the enchantment lived with him till Monday morning.

He had slept soundly, and he woke suddenly with the sense that the coming day held something very pleasurable.

He dressed with a subtle happiness tingling all his nerves.

The morning paper lay on the table beside his breakfast things when he went into the sitting-room.

He took it up—casually—inattentively, and in it read the announcement of her death.

"After two days' illness, Madeliene, beloved daughter——"

The paper fell away from his hands while the words slowly imprinted their meaning on his brain.

There was no Madeliene now.

She had drifted out—through the mists—into the wide unknown beyond.

Some of the mists seemed to cling even about him.

He tried to remember the old lesson—not to think.

But the strength was suddenly on the other side now.

For on the side of Thought was reality and truth—the misty side was the true—the life he liked to believe real was the unreal—made up of passing emotions and fancies, and coloured with the subtleties of a wayward will.

The Vampire Bat spread its wings and rose into strength, never to be quite crushed again.

Loneliness—wide, aching loneliness, stretched all round him.

And Alison that morning had read those words too. She put down the paper with hot tears blinding her eyes; and then turned to wait—patiently—for as long as need be.

THE END.



"THE PAPER FELL AWAY FROM HIS HANDS"

A Chat with Mr. Arthur Roberts

BY MARIE A. BEATTY-KINGSTON. ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS



SOMEbody once asked Arthur Roberts if he thought he could ever be serious. To this leading enquiry that genial comedian promptly replied, "No, never; not even at a funeral." I think, however, that he is quite serious in one respect, namely, in his abhorrence of being interviewed, and it requires an accomplished artist—one, for instance, who is accustomed to going in quest of the proverbial needle in a pottle of hay, and finding it—to be able to discover his whereabouts when he is not actually upon the stage.

I ought not to complain; I don't, since Mr. Roberts received me most courteously at the Lyric Theatre some days ago, and imparted to me the *raison d'être* of this word-sketch. Some of my fellow-workers, however, have tearfully intimated to me that Arthur Roberts takes "a deal of finding!"

Our interview took place in his dressing room, just before he had to don his uniform for his impersonation of "Dandy Dan." His is one of the prettiest stage rooms I have ever seen. When you enter it a cheerful fire greets you, and the *tout ensemble* is that of a cosy little boudoir. A piano stands across the room; there are, *entre autres*, heaps of flowers and pretty photos to make things homely, an iron safe, a helmet, a boot-jack, "Dandy Dan's" way-worn hatbox—all over labels from abroad—and that most important ad-

junct, the dressing table, which always offers to a woman irresistible attractions. A wig or two, some cigar boxes, a cricket bat, quantities of wearing apparel hung up in a recess, in fact, a mass of heterogeneous inconsequences, chiefly heaped upon one another, a massive writing table, and a luxurious lounge complete the picture. No, not quite; I am thinking of the frame only. The picture is not complete without its principal subject. My subject was seated opposite me, looking very spic and span, and smoking a big cigar.

"And now you want me to be funny," he began; "it's not always an easy task."

"If you don't mind *being yourself*," I timidly rejoined, "that will do nicely."

"Well, what do you want to know?"—he was already glancing nervously at his watch—"all about the early days of hard work? It has never been otherwise to me, for I assure you it is a serious undertaking to be a funny man. I began life in an office in the City, and the odd part of those days was that I was travelling at the same time, during the evenings, as a comic vocalist in the provinces. It used to be pretty hard work to get to business every morning in good time, but I managed it somehow, and my town employers had no idea at first that I was trying my stage luck with the public at the same time. This 'Jekyll-and-Hyde' life did not last very long, for it became very awkward when sometimes clients came in and said they had seen me performing behind the footlights over-night. Of course I looked horrified when I heard it, and they immediately apologised profusely for having made such a dreadful mistake. In 1875 I went on the music-hall stage altogether.

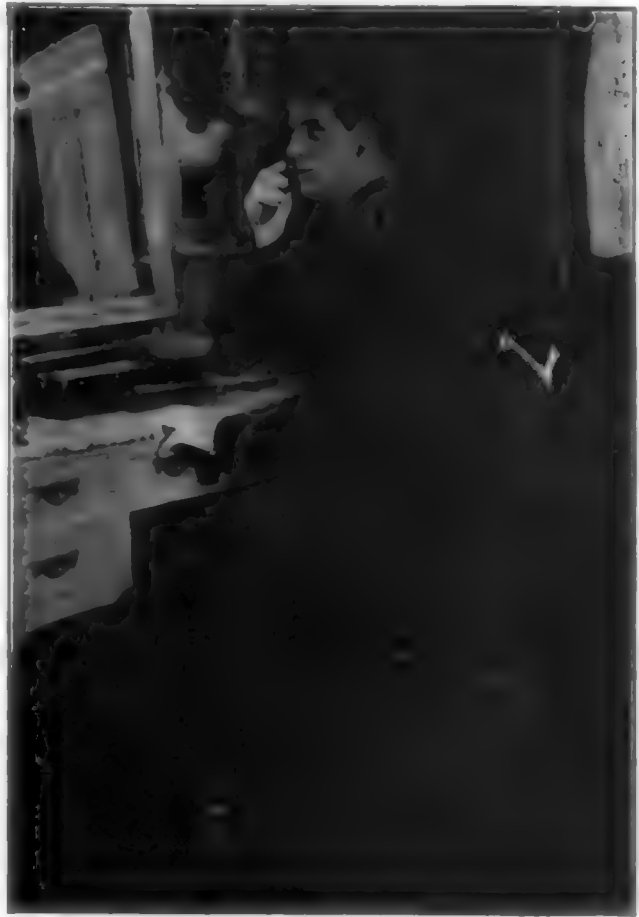
I remember a funny incident in connection with the first song that brought me a real big success. The prime feature of the lyric, in addition to its pretty tune and the idea, was the quaintly peculiar walk by which I pointed the rendering of the chorus. That walk was not a voluntary creation of mine; it was thrust upon me. I had sprained my back severely on the same day that I produced the song, and the erratic step was the outcome of extreme pain. The audience, however, took to that walk so kindly, that I never dared sing the song again without it. The walk took London, and I made quite a little fortune by singing it. This happened at the Oxford, and the song was called 'If I was only Long enough.'"

"I suppose you toured chiefly in the provinces at first?"

"Yes, then I settled down to work at different halls, among others the old Oxford, the old Pavilion, the Royal (then under Sam Adams), the South Pavilion, and the Canterbury. My first pantomime engagement was offered me in London in 1878, and in 1880 I played in the Brighton pantomime under Mrs. Nye Chart's management. In 1881 I played in the pantomime of Mother Goose at Drury Lane, during which period I had the honour of being presented to the Prince of Wales. The Prince, as usual, was very kind and genial, and at once put me and one or two other members of the company, who were introduced at the same time, at our ease. Some one played us a nasty trick that night; it must have been jealousy through not having been included in the presentation to H.R.H. Anyway, somebody's head suddenly appeared at the door, and the cry was given, 'Stage waits.' With one bound we all flew out of the room, entirely forgetting, when duty called, our society manners. I remember that I explained our situation to Lord Alfred Paget afterwards, and added that I fervently hoped the Prince would forgive our rudeness in disappearing so abruptly. Lord Alfred

Paget's reply was characteristic and to the point: 'On the contrary,' he said, 'Prince delighted—strict attention to discipline—quite right, quite right.'"

Starting in a small way at humbler music halls, Mr. Arthur Roberts gradually worked his way up the ladder, until his quaint characteristic humour was forced upon the notice not only of the public, but of the managers. Then commenced his long-continued run of prosperity on the theatrical stage; but he has more than once returned to his



MR. ARTHUR ROBERTS "MAKING UP" FOR "DANDY DAN"

From Photo by ALFRED ELLIS

old love, the halls, notably some years ago, when he appeared at the Empire, and drew all fashionable London to see him.

In 1884 a contract was entered into by Messrs. Alexander Henderson, H. B. Farnie, and Arthur Roberts. It seems that H. B. Farnie was an essentially irritable man, and Arthur Roberts delights in telling anecdotes about the

way in which he used to worry him. There was, however, one sure method of calming the ruffled spirits of that enterprising impresario, and that was by suggesting a game of billiards. Arthur Roberts generally managed to assuage Farnie's wrath at the right moment, or who knows to what extremities his temper would have led him!

After the death of Farnie Mr. Arthur Roberts embarked in management on his own account. Several companies were taken on tour through the provinces, among which, "Lancelot the Lovely" and "Guy Fawkes" scored great successes.

Looking back upon his various triumphs, Arthur Roberts has rarely been seen to greater advantage than as Pedrillo in "Don Juan." His efforts were quite indefatigable. Now wearing a costume which was an irresistibly absurd travestie of a nautical rig, now emerging from a bathing machine in an impossible blue swimming costume, and later doing utterly ridiculous things with hanging bottles and property game, Mr. Roberts worked heroically, never allowing the fun to flag for a moment. "Don Quixote" and "Gentleman Joe" were also huge successes, and that reminds me of a good story in connection with the production and origin of the first-named burlesque. Arthur Roberts met George Dance in the street one day, and they began chatting about the proposed new piece, "Come in out of the rain," said Dance, so they went and sat down under cover. Presently, Dance suggested "Don Quixote" as a possible story, to which Arthur Roberts laconically replied, "What's 'Don Quixote' about? Well, I suppose it doesn't matter much. If I call myself 'Don Quixote,' it will be alright, so I must get a company together, and also get a plot . . ."

The part of Captain Coddington was also brought into much prominence by Mr. Roberts, and from what he said about it, I fancy it is one of his favourite if not his favourite part. I once read the following recipe which was rather good:—

"To make an Arthur Roberts' burlesque take:

Roberts	90	parts
Bright music	2½	"
Pretty chorus girls	2½	"
Dainty dancing... ..	2½	"
Catchy choruses	2½	"
Plot	0	"

100

Garnish with applause and laughter; serve you right."

Arthur Roberts is undoubtedly more than a funny man, he is an artist. The types of people he depicts live as do Phil May's!

Curiously enough, the works of these two inimitable artists somehow resemble one another.

Speaking about his various rôles Mr. Roberts said, "It would be an utter impossibility for me to learn a part off word for word as the author has written it, unless I am allowed to introduce my own fun, in fact, wander about in fields of my own merriment and imagination. I never quite know what gag I'm going to introduce; it generally occurs to me on the spur of the moment. I am fearfully nervous, although you may not think I look it, and suffer terribly from insomnia. My audiences are responsible, to a great extent, for my moods. One hardly ever sees a bored face in the theatre in the provinces. The provincial audiences are by far the warmest and most appreciative. I remember in Glasgow once the scenery was very shaky, so shaky in fact, that the whole of a house-piece, which had not been properly "set," came down with a terrific crash. The collapse made such a noise that the audience became alarmed. Some ladies began to scream and fidget, and it seemed as though we were about to have a panic. A happy thought struck me, and I made my way down to the footlights at once."

"Don't be alarmed, ladies and gentlemen," I said; "whenever I come to Scotland I invariably "bring the house down." Tumult gave way to laughter, and this apt little bit of 'gag' quashed what might have resulted in a serious panic . . ."

Mr. Arthur Roberts, like most actors, receives scores of remarkable letters, chiefly anonymous, from the public.

This is a specimen :—

"Sir,—I have four years' good character, and I hope you will give me a berth in your theatre. Awaiting a favourable reply.—I am yours truly, etc., etc."

Upon the receipt of this letter Mr. Roberts not unnaturally wondered how to cast the applicant. Can he play "Hamlet," he wondered, or does he only want to shift scenes? Another funny letter was once sent to him. It ran :—

"Dear Sir,—I have written a five-act tragedy, but if you don't like it I can swim. Will you back me for a match next week? I send the play and await your answer.—Yours truly, etc., etc."

Mr. Roberts is, moreover, a great favourite with young ladies. He often receives letters from his unknown fair admirers, and as they do not sign their names we are not committing any indiscretion in quoting them. Sometimes he is addressed as "Dear old Dandy Dan," and the letters are signed "from one who delights in your jolly face," or "I am ever, Dandy dear, one of your devoted admirers." Flowers are sent to the theatre in profusion, and, in one case I have in my mind's eye, a young lady evinced so great a partiality to the popular comedian that she spent seven years in collecting every possible notice, criticism, and article that appeared in connection with him, and finally sent him the collection contained in several bulky volumes, into which she had carefully pasted them with infinite labour, as a gift. Whether or not Mr. Roberts ever discovered who his industrious admirer was, or is, I cannot say.

A prophet is, however, not always honoured in his own country goes the saying, and indeed, Mr. Roberts complains that the members of his family are not as appreciative of his humour and wit as he would like them to be.

"When I tell a joke at home, it seems to have a depressing effect upon my people," he says, pulling a wry face. "It falls absolutely flat, I may say, so I have given up trying to amuse them. They don't care about laughing; at



MR. ARTHUR ROBERTS IN HIS DRESSING ROOM

From Photo by ALFRED ELLIS

least not at their dad; but that, perhaps, has its advantages after all. And that reminds me of a story, a true story, which proves the exception to the rule, that he does not always laugh last who laughs loudest. It happened at Edinburgh. We were touring one of my pieces. We had been dining at the Castle with the Highlanders, and some one began chaffing me about my show. 'It can't hold a candle to the portable theatre in Market Street; stalls two-pence, my boy; let's go round there now!' he said. So off we went to the Royal Theatre of Varieties. I won't attempt to describe the performance. It was pretty bad, and I am ashamed to say that we did not fail to express our amusement at the expense of the unfortunate actors. Presently a very homely-looking young girl limped on to the stage and shrieked out one of the most inane songs I have ever heard. This proved the crowning

point to our festive crew; so we all roared with laughter. I laughed just as boisterously as the others, and turning round, I perceived a broken-down, white-haired old man, standing by me who touched me on the shoulder.

"'Mr. Roberts,' he said, 'I see you are guying the show, and I don't wonder at it. And you are laughing at my daughter, but'—he spoke very gently and gravely—'she is my only child, and is singing here on trial to-day. I have only just come out of hospital, and her mother died last night. If the manager sees you laughing he won't engage her, and if he doesn't we shall starve, for we have neither of us tasted food for thirty hours. You won't laugh now, will you, Mr. Roberts?' I don't mind admitting to you that there were tears in my eyes while I listened to the old

man's pitiful appeal and gazed into his wan, furrowed face. My companions became very serious too, when I told them, and one of our military friends—the one who had laughed loudest—quietly took off his hat and passed it round. When it was finally handed to the old actor it contained a good many weeks' treasury for him and his girl."

I hope Mr. Roberts will pardon my closing these lines with this pathetic little story; my only excuse is that it touched me deeply. It proves that success has not "staled his infinite variety," and that under the mask of buffoonery, which he has donned for the amusement of the public, a sound and stout heart beats, which is not impervious to those little human tendernesses that "make all the world akin."



Some Curious Tombs

WRITTEN BY ALEXIS KRAUSSE



THE ingenuity of human eccentricity is practically boundless, but it would seem that the acme of originality has, in most cases, been reserved for the elaboration of quaint departures in the matter of burial. The variety of funeral custom is limited, not as might be supposed by the number of the races of mankind, but rather by the fecundity of the imagination of the individual, and nothing appears to be too grotesque to find favour with eccentrics in the matter of obsequial rights.

The memorials to the departed which teem in every quarter of the world are endless in their variety. They partake of every form, shape, size, and design. The dead are buried beneath the earth or under the waves. They are cast into the jungle and the rivers. The departed are given to the wild beasts, or burned, left exposed to the elements, or deposited in the branches of trees. But it is of tombs that I have undertaken to write, and I leave the multiplicity of methods of disposal of the dead for consideration on some future occasion.

The memorials of the departed which call for especial comment may be divided into two classes—the magnificent and the grotesque. Both categories are more numerous than might be supposed, and both are in their way equally interesting.

The most magnificent tomb in the world is generally agreed to be Taj Mahal, at Agra, built by the Emperor Shah Jehan for himself and his favourite wife, who died in 1629. This building is generally held to be one of the most architecturally beautiful in the world, and is declared by Bayard Tay-

lor to be a finer and more complete specimen of Saracenic art than either the Alcazar or the Alhambra. The building of this magnificent temple occupied twenty thousand workmen for twenty-two years. The mausoleum is in the centre of the pile on a raised platform, surmounted by a dome, and surrounded by minarets over one hundred feet high. The whole is constructed of pure white marble, and the effect on the visitor is indescribable. Of modern tombs the most striking are those of Napoleon I. in the Invalides, the magnificent building at Charlottenberg, near Berlin, where the Emperors of Germany are interred, the tomb of the lamented Prince Consort at Frogmore, and the recently-completed tomb of General Grant in New York, which has cost the State more than half a million dollars, and which is, without doubt, the most magnificent, if not the most beautiful, modern structure of its kind. The appearance of the exterior is more suggestive of a cathedral than a tomb, and the whole a willing tribute of a great nation to one of its greatest men. The tomb was formally inaugurated on the 27th April, last year, and the information has reached me as I am at work on this article, that the work of the despoiler—the social pest who gloats over the desecration of the beautiful—has already begun, and that the stonework has been chipped in various places, the fragments being taken away by ignorant vandals as souvenirs of this national memorial. Even the granite sarcophagus in the mortuary chamber has been defiled, a large piece having been broken off one corner. I am glad to gather from a New York paper that the

monument has now been placed under an armed guard.

Among the many other tombs which are of interest to the traveller I may mention as having special merit that of Napoleon III., at Farnborough; the simple but solid tomb of Sir Anthony de Rothschild, in the Jews' Cemetery at Willesden; and the resting place of the centenarian, Sir Moses Montefiore, at Ramsgate.

But, in order to justify my title, it behoves me to quit the consideration of merely grand memorials to the dead, and to introduce to the reader's notice some of the more eccentric resting places of the departed; and, to plunge *in medias res*, I need only mention that which was for many years the cenotaph of Captain Backhouse in Mid-Bucks. This gentleman had held a commission in the East Indian Service, and, on his retirement, purchased a small estate on the road from Great Missenden to Wendover. Here he built himself a house which was named Havenfield, and he lived there for a number of years, dying on the 21st June, 1800, at the ripe age of 80. Captain Backhouse had several eccentricities, among them being an aversion to church matters, and he often declared that he would never be buried in consecrated ground. To ensure his wishes in this regard being respected, he caused to be built during his lifetime a tomb or sepulchre in a coppice on the estate. The place was constructed of brick, one end being left open, and when the captain died he was, by his own instructions given during his lifetime, carried there and laid in a niche in the wall, the open end being bricked up. The coffin was placed upright, and the sword of the deceased deposited alongside. This curious burial gave rise to a deal of gossip in the neighbourhood, and it soon became noised abroad that the ghost of the dead captain had been seen walking on the hill-side. This story became so frequently repeated that it came to be believed. The people of Mid-Bucks were noted for their ignorance and superstition, and the affair caused a great deal of alarm, which ended only when one of the sons of the deceased returned from India, some seven

years after his death, and obtained a faculty from the Archdeacon of Buckingham for the removal of his father's body, which was taken out from its place of immurement and placed in a substantial tomb in Great Missenden Churchyard, where it now lies. The circumstance of the re-burial is set out in the parish records, which I have had the privilege of examining by the courtesy of the Rev. S. E. Wilson, the respected and popular vicar. I regret that the limit of space prevents my detailing any of the amusing anecdotes which are still related in the district of various *contretemps* which occurred during the immurement of Captain Backhouse in the mausoleum of Havenfield Lodge.

Another remarkable tomb, resembling the above in some respects, is that which supplies the resting place of Richard Hull, on Leith Hill, in Surrey. This Hull was a bencher of the Temple, a lawyer of some reputation. He died in 1772, and was by his own instructions buried at the base of a tower which he had erected during his lifetime on some ground he owned on the summit of this one of the highest points of view in the county.

The tomb of John Oliver, the miller, on Highdown Hill, near Tarring, in Sussex, is well known, and has been more than once described. This eccentric person died April 22, 1793, aged 84, and he is buried in a tomb of ordinary appearance which he had constructed in his lifetime close by a summerhouse in which he used to sit admiring the view and contemplating his last resting place. On the west end of the tomb was formerly a very curious bas-relief representing Death running away from Time, beneath which was a very curious rhyming inscription.

The tomb of John Knill, who is buried at St. Ives in a pyramid, will, doubtless, be known to many of my readers, as will also that of Honest Jack Fuller, also a pyramidal mausoleum in Brightling churchyard, Sussex. When asked during his lifetime why he was erecting so curious a last resting place, he replied that he wished to prevent his relations eating him. "The worms would eat me," he said, "the ducks would eat

the worms, and my relations eat the ducks!"

I have already made mention of more than one person who has been by his own desire buried in his own grounds. This procedure has been by no means uncommon. Baskerville, the printer, lies buried under a windmill on his own estate in 1775. Thomas Hollis, a country gentleman, of Dorset, gave very careful instructions as to the disposal of his body, his particular desire being that all trace of his tomb should be lost. He was, in accordance with his wish, buried ten feet deep in one of the fields on his estate at Corscombe on the 1st January, 1774, and the field was ploughed over immediately the grave had been filled in.

The "Shepherd's Grave" is a noted spot in the barest part of the Chiltern Hills, overlooking the parish of Aston Clinton. Here a shepherd named Faithful had tended his sheep for many a year, and, having died, was, according to his last wish, buried on the hill-top, where a view can be had over six counties. His neighbours cut the following epitaph on the turf, which was long tended, but is now illegible.

*Faithful lived and Faithful died,
Faithful lies buried on the hill-side,
The hill so wide and the fields surround,
In the Day of Judgment he'll be found.*

A large landowner named Booth, of Brush House, Yorkshire, was buried by his request in his own shrubbery, "where he had spent some of the happiest years of his life," and Sir James Tillie was interred in 1712 under a summerhouse in his park at Pentilly Castle, Cornwall.

But of all eccentric burials, that achieved by Major Peter Labelliere is, perhaps, the most curious. He was a very eccentric personage and perpetrated many curious deeds during his lifetime. The instructions he left respecting his burial were carefully carried out, and he was interred on the 6th June, 1800, on the north-west edge of the summit of Box Hill, Surrey, overlooking Burford Bridge, *head downward*, in order, as he had said, that as "the world was topsyturvy he might be buried so as to be right at last." This is, I believe, the only authenticated instance of a body

being interred upside down. There are, however, several instances of persons being buried upright. The case of Ben Jonson, who lies, or, more correctly, stands, in the nave of Westminster Abbey, is well known, his case being due to the value of space in the Abbey. But the case of Thomas Cooke, a prominent member of the famous Levant Company and a trustee of Morden College, is probably forgotten. This eccentric, a wealthy and highly respected man, was buried upright on Blackheath by the side of the turnstile facing Morden College, in 1752. Another fully authenticated instance is that of the wife of Captain Taylor, of Brighthouse, who, on October 24th, 1684, was buried in her garden with her head upright, by her husband and daughter.

Equally curious are those cases where the bodies of the departed have been kept above ground, the most notable instance being Farmer Trigg, of Stevenage, and Jeremy Bentham, the philosopher.

The former had eccentric notions of his future, and vowed that, after resting for thirty years, he would come to life again. He left a will bequeathing his property, which was considerable, to his two sons in trust for thirty years, at the expiration of which period he expected to return and take charge of it himself. In accordance with his directions his body was placed in a lead coffin, and placed across the beams of his barn, in 1805, when he died. It remained there for the allotted time, and was accorded four days of grace; but, as Farmer Trigg did not keep his appointment, his remains were removed to the churchyard and given customary burial.

The case of Jeremy Bentham is in every way remarkable. This great man, who united in his person the qualities of a philosopher with those of a philanthropist, willed his body to his friend, Dr. Fordyce, "for the purpose of dissection and anatomical study." It must be borne in mind that at the time of Bentham's death, in 1832, the greatest difficulty was experienced by the medical schools in obtaining bodies for dissection. Bentham's wishes were duly

carried out, and his body was dissected at the Webb Street School of Anatomy. His skeleton was subsequently articulated, as desired by him, and a wax face, modelled by Dr. Talrych, and said to be an excellent representation of the departed, was subsequently fixed to the skull. The whole was then dressed in Bentham's clothes, and enclosed in a mahogany case with folding doors, which may now be seen in the Anatomical Museum at University College.

Among the tombs which deserve to be classified as curious are those which have been constructed by their owners during their lifetime. Among those now living who have thus prepared their last resting places are the venerable Lord Esher, now eighty-two years of age, who some years ago erected a handsome tomb for himself in Esher Parish Church. The tomb is decorated with artistically executed recumbent figures of Lord Esher and his wife, who is only slightly junior to her husband, and awaits the time when the ancient couple will occupy it. Mr. Joseph Richardson, the millionaire, who died in New York in June last year, also had his coffin and tomb prepared many years before his death, as did also the eccentric James Hirst, the Rawcliffe tanner, whose coffin was fitted with folding doors, and who made arrangements for being carried to the grave by eight old maids. Considerable difficulty was experienced, however, in finding the spinsters; and their places were taken by eight buxom widows. Another eccentric was John Guy, of High Wycombe, who died May 24th, 1837. His coffin was also constructed under his own supervision during his lifetime, its peculiarity being that it was made without nails, a fact enlarged upon in his epitaph, which reads—

*In coffin made without a nail
Without a shroud his limbs to hide,
For what can pomp or show avail
Or velvet pall to swell the pride?*

Quite as curious as these, though differing slightly in method, was the disposition of the body of John Underwood, a classical enthusiast of Whittlesea, in Cambridgeshire, who died in

1773. His coffin was painted green, and its occupant lay in it fully dressed. He was carried by eight friends who sang the last stanza of the second book of Horace, while in the coffin was a copy of Horace, Bentley, Milton, and a Greek Testament.

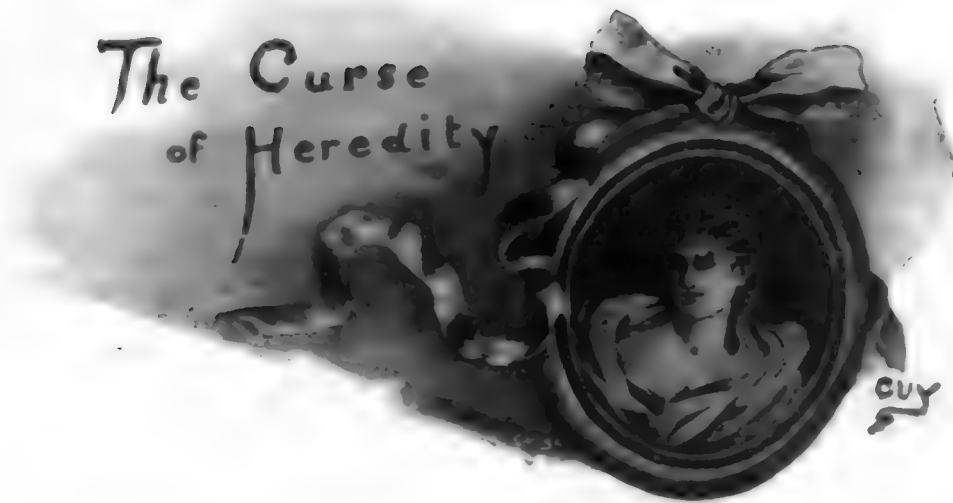
The limit of space prevents my referring to more than one or two of the many instances of burial eccentricities. Among these is that of Miss Beswick, a Manchester lady of means, who died in 1760, and who had a great horror of being buried alive. She demised an estate to her doctor on condition that he paid her a daily visit for twelve months after her decease. In order to do this, she was embalmed and deposited in a private house in King Street, Manchester, where she remained the allotted time, after which she was removed to the Natural History Museum. She is known as the Manchester mummy.

One of the most curious tombs was that of John Wilkinson, the millionaire ironfounder of Castlehead, who was buried in an iron coffin in a grave over which an iron monument was placed, weighing twenty tons, in 1820, or thereabouts. Owing to various causes he was re-buried three times. His remains, still in this iron coffin, now lie in Lindale Churchyard.

Two more instances and I have done. The eccentric Van Buchel, the friend of John Hunter, with whom he experimented as to methods for preserving the dead, pickled his wife, when she died, in a brine of his own invention. The loving husband kept the departed in his house, and used to sit with her body in a glass case by his side. And Samuel Baldwin, a gentleman of Lymington, who died in 1736, enjoyed a truly original funeral, which served a useful purpose in defeating the designs of his virago wife. She had boasted on more than one occasion that she would dance on his grave. And it was to defeat this object that he was immersed at sea outside the Needles on the 20th May of that year.

It would seem that any person desirous of inventing a new method of disposing of his body should be possessed of an unusual amount of originality indeed.

The Curse of Heredity



WRITTEN BY ROSLYN GREY. ILLUSTRATED BY "GUY"

“**W**HAT a lovely voice that girl has, and what sad grey eyes!” said Wyndham Grey to himself as he stood one warm June night at Lady Blake’s reception.

He was so wedged in on a corner of the stairs, that he could neither move up nor down. He had been idly listening to the scraps of conversation which floated round him, when he was struck by the tones of a girl’s voice. It was soft and musical, as a woman’s voice should be. Women are not aware how much they owe for their attractiveness to being gifted with a pleasing voice. It appeals to all who are influenced by rhythm and music. Some people are perfectly unconscious of the charm of sound; they have no musical sense. Others again, are affected by the modulation and recurrence of certain sounds. The warble of a thrush on a bright Spring morning; the pedal note of falling water; the lapping of the summer tide; the moan of the distant wood-dove; the swaying rustle of waving boughs; “the murmur of innumerable bees” among the limes; the soft, low modulation of a musical

voice. Wyndham Grey was one of these. He loved music; it appealed to his sensitive, poetical nature. He was by no means a sentimentalist, nor was he much affected by the charms of women. Men called him cynical; women, a bore, simply because he did not pay them sufficient attention, and for a man not to pay a woman attention is to condemn him in her eyes as a heathen and a publican. He had never fallen a victim to their charms, though many an attack had been made on him on account of his good prospects, better position, and, best of all, his undeniable good looks. No woman as yet had made his heart give one extra flutter of pleasurable excitement. He liked women well enough too, but looked on them much in the same way as an entomologist would a curious beetle; interesting as specimens, nothing more.

He was feeling unutterably bored that June evening. First of all the heat was oppressive, and the entertainment uninteresting. Then, he could not make his escape, for the tendency of people on such occasions to congregate on the stairs, made the crowd congest at that point of vantage; so he had to grin and bear it. He was beginning to feel very irritable, when the soft, low

tones of a girl's voice fell on his ear. She was merely talking ordinary commonplaces to her companion, but the modulations of the voice were soft and soothing. Wyndham Grey turned to look at the speaker, who at that moment looked up, and their eyes met.

"By Jove," he thought, "what beautiful grey eyes, but what sad ones. I wonder who she is."

At that moment, the swaying crowd opened, and he was able to make his escape. On reaching the street he lit a cigarette, and sauntered slowly down to his club where he sat down and became unusually meditative.

"Strange," he said, "how those grey eyes haunt me, and the murmur of that voice is still in my ears. But what a fool I am, as if such things mattered to me in the least. Still, I should like to know who she is."

He was still pondering, when his reverie was broken by a man saying, "Hullo! Wyndham, old chap. Where have you been?"

"To Lady Blake's—and you?"

"Why, I was there too, but I didn't see you there. Those crushes are awful; Gehenna isn't in it with them."

"By the way, Jim," said Wyndham, "do you happen to know who a girl was, with large grey eyes, rather sad ones, and a very soft, low voice?"

"No, I can't say I do; but considering there must have been dozens of girls with large grey eyes, some sad and some gay, it would be impossible to select your special one. And as to the voice, well, most of the girls' voices I heard were the reverse of musical, so I'm afraid I can't help you."

"Oh, it doesn't in the least matter," replied Wyndham; "I was only curious to know who she is."

"You had better describe your siren's charms to that old harridan, Lady Shekel. She knows everybody; or, if she doesn't, says she does, and their business included."

"Ah!" thought Wyndham, as his friend left, "a very likely person to tell me, and much as I hate her and her scandalous tongue, I will go and look her up and find out what I can. But what nonsense this is," he continued; "I am becoming maudlin, I do believe,

bewitched by a pair of grey eyes! I think, perhaps, I have been working too much lately, and am becoming sentimental. That's it; nerves out of order. I'll run down into the country for a day or two and see what fresh air will do for me."

With these reflections he went to his chambers, and then, late as it was, sat down to finish some work. He had the capacity, which all true workers have, of concentration. He became absorbed in his subject as a rule, and plodded on patiently till he had finished his task. But to-night he could not fix his thoughts on the page of the book he was reading. There came the vision of two sad grey



"HE SAUNTERED SLOWLY DOWN TO HIS CLUB

eyes looking wistfully at him from the printed page. Ever and anon there fell on his ears the low, sweet girl's voice he had heard that night, and which haunted him like the cadence of an oft-repeated refrain. He was angry with himself at last, and casting the book on one side and lighting a cigarette, stretched himself lazily in his chair and began talking to himself.

"What a drivelling fool I am to let my imagination run away with me like this. I, too, who don't care a jot for women. Why on earth, I should like to know, should a girl's eyes and voice haunt me like this? All the same, I am determined to find out who she is, so I'll call on old Lady Shekel tomorrow, for, as Jim said, that old gossip knows everybody.

Accordingly, the next day he made his proposed call.

Lady Shekel was one of those females whom Society tolerates because it is afraid of them. Unscrupulous and cynical, with a keen wit and dry humour, she could and did criticise her neighbours to a nicety, and woe betide the man or woman who offended her. For her tongue was like a sword, and the poison of asps was under her lips. She was a living encyclopædia on other people's affairs, which she discussed freely at all times and places in a high, rasping voice. She had known Wyndham Grey for years, and had often rallied him on remaining a bachelor. To-day she seemed in a most spiteful mood, chiefly owing to the fact that her vicar had ventured to call for a contribution to his Home for Inebriate Women.

"Such tomfoolery!" cried the old lady. "As if you could make women sober by shutting them up. Why, there's old Lady Holbrook; she drinks, so they say, like a fish. You'd never make her sober by shutting her up, I'll warrant, for she'd drink as much as ever when they let her out."

When, at length, Wyndham could approach his subject, he asked casually if she had been at Lady Blake's reception.

"Oh yes, I was there, but I didn't see you."

"That's very probable," he said,

"considering I was jammed in a corner of the stairs most of the time, and escaped as early as I could. By the way, do you happen to know who a girl was?" he asked, describing accurately the face, figure and dress of the one who had taken his fancy so much.

The old lady looked keenly at him and said, "What! Wyndham, hit at last?"

"Not in the least," he said hurriedly; "I was interested, nothing more."

"Her description," Lady Shekel said, "answers to that of Lois Dering. A nice girl—lives with an aunt down in Surrey somewhere. Parents dead, or gone to the bad; I forget what. She won't do for you, my friend."

"Possibly," he said, somewhat nettled; "I repeat I was only interested."

"Ah," replied the old lady, "it always begins like that, and ends with a wedding ring, and ultimately the Divorce Court."

"You don't believe, then," asked Wyndham, "that marriages are made in heaven?"

"Well, hardly," she said dryly, "considering the majority of them are simply nothing more than auctions, the finest animal going to the highest bidder. I should say the gentleman with the horns and tail had as much to do with the arrangement as any one."

"What a repulsive old female this is," thought Wyndham. Then, as other guests arrived, he seized the opportunity to depart.

"Well," he said, "I've gained my end, but to what purpose I know not. Besides, she may be wrong."

On the following Saturday he determined to go out of town for a couple of days, and went down to stay with an old friend he had not seen for some time, who had a charming place in the Weald of Surrey.

He woke next morning with the sunshine flooding his room, and the sweet chorus of bird-music ringing out from the garden below. It was an ideal June morning, warm and bright, with that charm of lazy splendour over everything. The landscape bathed in waves of delicious colouring; the sweet scent of flowers making the air rich with perfume.

After breakfast he strolled about the garden, feeling a divine content with himself and all the world. Later on he went with his friend, Mrs. Barrington, across the meadows to the little village church, nestling amid the elm trees. The service was of the ordinary type to be found in village churches, which have not felt the wave of the movement which introduced advanced ritual and æsthetic worship. The congregation consisted of the simple village folk, who came in their Sunday frocks, the women carrying in their hands their prayer books, and a clean pocket - handkerchief, with a sprig of sweetbriar or jessamine. Then there were the neighbouring gentry; the school children, with their neat frocks and rosy, happy faces, formed the choir. The clergyman was of the old-fashioned school, scholarly, refined, and benevolent, who read the prayers, not in a whining monotone as if they were of little importance, but as if he loved them, and meant them. The only interruptions were the occasional buzzings of a wandering bee, which had sailed in at the window; and the snoring, low but regular, of the organ-blower, who, overcome with the heat, combined with a drop before service, was enjoying a little nap. It was a mystery how he always woke up just in time, and in the right place to begin pumping.



"I THINK WE HAVE MET BEFORE, MISS DERING"

Wyndham was affected by the general drowsiness, and settling himself resignedly in his seat, was prepared to wait patiently the conclusion of a rather lengthy discourse, when he happened to look across the church. To his astonishment and delight he saw, a few pews from him, the girl of his dreams.

Yes, it was his heroine of the staircase, no doubt about it; the same sad grey eyes, and auburn hair. He stared at her so fixedly that she looked up, and their eyes met. There was a gleam of recognition, a faint blush, then she looked away.

After service Mrs. Barrington stopped to chat with her friends as they all met in the churchyard. Wyndham being a stranger stood apart. To his delight he saw his friend speak to the girl about whom he had been thinking so much.

"Wyndham, come here," said Mrs. Barrington; "I want to introduce you to a young friend of mine, Lois Dering."

Wyndham bowed, and smiling, said, "I think we have met before, Miss Dering."

"Your face seems familiar, but I can't remember where I have met you."

"Don't you remember," Wyndham asked, "the night of Lady Blake's reception? I was standing a few yards from you on the stairs."

"Oh yes, of course," the girl said; "I remember noticing how bored you

looked, and as if you would give worlds to escape."

"You are right. I was longing to escape, and did, as soon as possible. But," he added, "I shall never regret going, and shall bless that evening."

"Why?" she asked.

"Because it gave me the pleasure of seeing you."

"You must be easily pleased, then," Lois replied, "for I'm a very ordinary person, one in a crowd, you know."

"One in a million," he was going to say, but refrained, thinking he was forging ahead a little too rapidly.

By this time they had arrived in the road, and the party broke up, each going their different ways.

"Good-bye, Lois," Mrs. Barrington said; "mind you come up to tea."

"Thanks," said Lois; "it wouldn't seem like Sunday if I didn't come to tea with you."

"And who is your charming little friend?" Wyndham asked. "I had no idea you had anything so dainty down here. She looks like an old picture."

"Yes," his friend replied, "she is a charming girl; I'm devoted to her. She lives with an old aunt here. Both her parents are dead, I believe."

As there were other guests at tea, Wyndham managed to get Lois to himself for a little while, and found in conversation she had a mind above that of the ordinary society girl. She had read much and thought more. He found they had tastes in common. Her views were original, and her remarks were couched in intelligent and artistic language, which, combined with her low, musical voice, added an additional charm. Wyndham was quite captivated, and was more so after seeing her home in the evening.

Could he ever forget that walk? The hush of the summer evening, the warm air, heavy with the scent of flowers, a soft hay-harvest breeze, the sad but pleasing melancholy which is always unaccountably present on a summer's evening; the mellow "len, lan, loun" of evening bells; the sweet eyes of the girl looking up at him now and then, as she answered some question, or sought reply. All these appealed to Wyndham, and left on his memory a

time and scene which he ever remembered among the brightest and happiest of his life. There was not an atom of coquetry about Lois, nor had she any small talk, but chatted on naturally and freely on whatever subject was started. Their conversation was chiefly about books and art. He also talked of his work and ambitions, in which she showed great interest, asking him many questions about them. He went home that night like a man drunk with new wine; he could not sleep, but walked about the garden half the night, dreaming and thinking and building castles in the air. The end of it was, he had to confess himself hopelessly in love. Yes, even he, the cynical old bachelor, who said he hated women, had fallen beneath the charms of a girl of twenty, whose grey eyes and sweet face had robbed him of his peace.

He was determined to see and know more of her, but how? He could not come again on a visit to his friend for some time. And if he came down to the village, she would think it strange. At length, when he got back to town, after much deliberation, he composed a letter to Mrs. Barrington, saying his doctor said he was overworked and needed rest and country air; he had been much struck with the beauty of the village; did she know of any cottage he could take, to which he could run down occasionally. Of course he could not think of trespassing on her hospitality so often, so would prefer being independent.

The dear old lady was either very unobservant, or did not suspect anything, for she wrote and said that if he really wouldn't put up with her, she knew of a cottage that would suit him.

II.

Thus it came to pass, in a few weeks' time, Wyndham settled down very comfortably during that bright summer weather in his cottage, with the ostensible reason of doing a little work, but only in a dilettante sort of way. He felt bound to obey doctor's orders, but as nearly the whole of his time was spent in wandering about the lanes and meadows, there were not many signs of it. As was quite natural, he often came across Lois, for the girl loved being in

the open air, and liked nothing better than to go long walks by herself. As they met often, it was not surprising that these two kindred souls should be drawn to one another, so it happened that their acquaintance ripened into a firm friendship. They talked about all kinds of things, sometimes of serious matters too.

One day they had been arguing on the duty of sacrifice. Wyndham had been saying that he considered any love that was worth the having, must be capable of the highest sacrifice. "For," he went on, "what are the highest examples of love the world knows? Namely, those which show us that love in its best and truest form, is that which unreservedly and unselfishly gives itself for another. We in our ignorance," he

think the right course to take would be. If, to put a case as illustration, a man loved a woman deeply and truly, and she returned that love, but he knew there was an hereditary taint in his family, and that there might be the possibility of himself being affected by it, what would be that man's duty?"

"You mean," Wyndham replied, "that the woman he loved being in ignorance of it, what ought he to do?"

"Yes."

"Well, in my opinion," he said slowly and thoughtfully, "his duty would lie plainly before him."

"Yes," she murmured breathlessly, for her heart was beating fast; "and that would be——"

"Not only to tell her, but to resign her at once on the ground that he loved

"we will have one more pleasant walk together before I leave."

With that remark he said good-bye to her and went to his cottage.

When there, he sat for a long time pondering over their conversation. He puzzled his brains to find out what was the cause of the unaccountable change in her.

"She had been so bright and natural with me, and then suddenly froze. She couldn't have been offended at my remarks on heredity. Well, all I know is, I won't go away without knowing my fate. I'll delay no longer. A dozen times I've been on the point of telling her my love for her. Perhaps after all she doesn't care for me in the least. Why should she? There's not much in a cynical, egotistical bachelor like myself, for any girl to care about. Anyhow, I'll know my fate, and that, too, before I am many hours older."

On the following afternoon, as he was wandering about the meadows, he met Lois on her way home.

"Here's my chance," he thought; "now or never. How do you do, Miss Dering? I am glad to see you, for I fear this will be the last opportunity of doing so for some time."

The girl turned pale, but recovering herself, said, carelessly, "Why? Are you going to leave so soon?"

"Yes. I find I must go sooner than I expected, and am off to-morrow, and do not know when I shall visit this delightful village again. There is nothing," he added, "to keep me here. Besides, my work calls me back."

"Of course," she answered, in a dreamy, abstracted way.

They strolled on for some time, till they came to a stile, where they halted.

"I am awfully sorry to go; I have had a most pleasant time here. I don't believe you'll miss me a bit," he said. "After all, what am I to you but a bit of driftweed that has floated your way for a time, then passed away and been forgotten."

"Don't, don't talk like that," the girl cried. "You know it's not true."

As she spoke she looked up shyly, and their eyes met. They each read there the other's secret. Before he

knew what he did, Wyndham caught her in his arms, and kissed her passionately, murmuring, "Lois, darling; is it indeed true that you love me? Tell me, sweet."

For a moment she yielded to his embrace, then tore herself away, and stood apart, visibly agitated.

"What is it, Lois? Have I made a mistake; don't you care for me enough to be my wife?"

"Yes," she said, "I love you with all my heart and soul, but I can never be your wife."

He had sprung forward at her words, and was about to take her in his arms, when she waved him back, and said—"No, never; it cannot be."

"But why, dear?" he asked. "You confess you love me; why not come to me now—for ever, mine always?"

"No, no," she cried; "don't ask me; it must not, cannot be."

Then, a light breaking in upon his heart, he said, in a hoarse, broken voice, "Lois, tell me; are you pledged to another?"

"No, no," she said. "I never loved any other man but you, and I never shall. You for ever, you always, only you."

Perplexed and mystified, he could get nothing further from her. They walked sadly homeward, neither spoke. When they had proceeded a short distance, they entered a little wood, through which the path wound. Here Lois suddenly stopped, and said, quietly, "We will part here. No, no, don't ask me to explain, for I cannot."

Then she lifted her face to his, and with eyes brimming with tears, said, "Darling, kiss me once more, then leave me."

He folded her in his arms without a word; then she looked long and lovingly at him and said, "Farewell, my only love, farewell," and went quickly away.

He was going to follow her, but she waved him back, and walked on rapidly. Dazed and confused at her conduct and words, he remained where he was for some time and in a sort of stupor. Then, pulling himself together, he went slowly and sadly home.

"I can't make it out," he said; "she is pure and true, and loves me well."

What is the mystery? But I'll win her yet. I'm not to see her again, not even to write, never, perhaps, to hear of her. Nay, nay, that shall not be. I'll conquer yet."

III.

ON the following day, gloomy and depressed, Wyndham went back to town, and plunged into his work with might and main, in the hopes it would divert his thoughts. But it was all to no purpose; he could not settle to anything. Lois's sad, grey eyes, her pleading voice, were ever with him. He would pace the room for hours, thinking of her, pondering over her refusal. The more he thought, the more mystified and irritable he became.

At length, one morning, he found on his breakfast table a letter, which, on opening, to his great delight, he found was from Lois. But as he read, his delight turned to dismay, then finally to utter despair. When he had finished reading it, he looked grey and haggard. The mystery was solved indeed, for this is what he read:—

DEAREST,—It is only after many tears and much tribulation I am able to write this to you. You must have been angry and amazed at my strange conduct, which I could not explain. You must not misunderstand me. I am yours always through eternity. I have never loved any man but you, and I love you with my whole soul. It is difficult for me to say what I must tell you, and what I know will shock you to hear. You remember the day we were talking about the curse of heredity, and I put a supposed case before you as an illustration? *That case was my own.* The terrible taint of madness is in my family. My father died insane; my only brother is at present in a lunatic asylum; the same terrible fate may await me. I have always kept this horrible secret. It was only when you told me of your love that I realised

the awfulness of it. Then came a struggle with myself, which at times nearly conquered me. Oh, the misery of those terrible days and nights when I wrestled with my temptation. It was so hard to give you up, so easy to come to you and say nothing—you might never know. I fought with the temptation over and over again; at times it nearly mastered me. At length, thank God, my great love for you conquered, and I felt calm and strong, and saw my duty plainly. Never would I bring upon one I love such a terrible heritage; I would rather die first. Darling, you don't know how hard it is to say good-bye. Remember in after years you once knew a woman whose love, nay, whose very life, was yours.

Yours always to the end,

Your own,

LOIS.

"Great God!" Wyndham said, starting up; "I see it all now—our talk on heredity and self-sacrifice, her dreadful secret preying upon her, her sudden coldness, her strange parting. She was resolving then to save me at the sacrifice of herself, and gives me up and refuses to marry me, not because she does not



"AS HE READ, HIS DELIGHT TURNED TO DISMAY"

love me, but loves me too well to risk bringing this curse upon me. Poor child! poor child!" he wailed, and sank down on his chair, with great, dry sobs shaking his whole frame. "But curse or no curse, I'll win her yet."

With this resolve he hurried to the station, where he was just in time to catch the train. He was soon speeding along to Surrey. In less than an hour he was striding up the drive which led to Lois's house, all the time looking eagerly out for some sign of her.

"Is Miss Dering at home?" he enquired of the servant.

"No, sir; Miss Dering left some ten days ago."

"Left!" said Wyndham. "Where has she gone?"

"I think she has gone abroad, but I will enquire of her aunt, if you will come in."

He waited with feverish impatience till Miss Claremont arrived, when he heard from her that her niece had left her to become a nurse.

"Nothing I could say, Mr. Grey, could dissuade her from the step. There was no necessity for her going. She had a good home and fair prospects, but I noticed for some little time past that the girl had grown restless, and looked worried and anxious. One day she said to me she wanted to get some occupation, as the quiet life was killing her, and that she would like to be a nurse. I did all I could to prevent it, but to no purpose, as she was quite resolved to go."

"Where is she now?" asked Wyndham.

"She was very reticent about her movements," replied the old lady; "but

and watched anxiously the various girls come out. At length he saw her. Waiting to speak till she was alone, he followed her cautiously, till they reached the Marble Arch, where she turned into the Park, and walked rapidly westwards. She had not proceeded far when she heard a voice by her side, saying "Lois, darling! Why did you run away from me? You see I've found you."

"Oh, why did you come?" she cried, turning a sad, troubled face towards him. "Why didn't you leave me alone?"

"Why?" Wyndham said, "because I love you, and cannot let you go."

"But you had my letter?" the girl asked; "that explained all."

"Yes; I had it, but what you say will make no difference to me. I see it all; in your unselfish love for me, you will sacrifice yourself to save me; but it shall not be. We will bear the burden together."

"No, Wyndham dear; it cannot be. I will never marry you. Don't tempt me, you don't know how much harder you make it for me."

Wyndham was in despair; he was determined not to give up the struggle. He stormed and protested, argued and coaxed, all to no purpose. He saw at length it was useless, as her mind was made up.

At last he said, "Lois, you will let me see you sometimes? Your presence will cheer me and help me."

"No," she said, gently but firmly; "it would only give pain to us both." Then, looking up at him with a great light shining in her eyes, and a look of noble resolve on her sad face, she said, "Dear, we each have to take our

English Teams in Australia

SOME RECORDS AND REMINISCENCES

A GALLERY OF GREAT CRICKETERS

WRITTEN BY E. ANTHONY. ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS



ON the top of the series of test matches decided the last few months in Australia, some facts and figures relative to the performances of Englishmen during the last five-and-twenty years in the land of the "Cornstalks" may be found of some interest. In 1862, 1864, and 1873, H. H. Stephenson, George Parr, and W. G. Grace respectively captained the first three teams of English Cricketers who ever set foot on Australian soil, but as all the matches were waged against odds they may be summarily dismissed.

Next we come to the fourth team, under the leadership of James Lillywhite (1876-77), when for the first time in the history of the game an Australian Eleven triumphed over an Eleven from the Old Country, a victory which no doubt led to the succession of Colonial visits to England which have since played so important a rôle in the annals of cricket.

To return more directly to our subject, Lord Harris, captained the fifth team of our countrymen (1878-79), when it was made more apparent than ever that the Australians were no longer to be regarded as foemen unworthy of our steel. Such giants as W. L. Murdoch, T. Garrett, T. Horan, and the Bannermans, J. Blackham, F. R. Spofforth, H. Boyle, and H. H. Massie were already regarded as prominent figures in Australian cricket circles, and considering that the Englishmen were only allowed a couple of professionals—Tom Emmett and Ulyett—it is not surprising that the Colonials won the solitary test match by the nice little margin of ten wickets. Elevens representing New South Wales and Victoria also defeated the Englishmen, though both Colonies were drubbed in the return fixtures.

No need to dwell long on the sixth tour of the Englishmen in Australia (1881-82). Shaw was at the helm, and

he was backed up by a very strong eleven of professionals. Yet the Australians more than held their own, Australia drawing the first test match, in which neither side could claim an appreciable advantage, and winning the second by five wickets. Shaw's Eleven also met the "Australian Eleven for England," the issue again favouring the Colonials, who won the first match and drew the second; a draw, however, which left the Englishmen 243 runs ahead with eight wickets to fall. But it was not until the sensational victory of Australia at the Oval in 1882 that the victors were seriously regarded in England as threatening the supremacy of the Old Country, although the representative matches played in Australia date back from the year 1877, when honours ruled easy, Australia winning by 45 runs and losing the return by four wickets.

The Hon. Ivo Bligh captained the seventh English team to Australia in 1882-83, and a very powerful side had been whipped together, consisting as it did of such men as E. F. S. Tylecote, one of the finest amateur wicket keepers of any time; the brothers C. T. and G. B. Studd, the former of whom had just distinguished himself by coming out top of the English batting averages at the close of the previous season; G. F. Vernon, a very rapid scorer and grand out-field; W. W. Read, the Surrey crack; A. G. Steel, one of the greatest of all-round cricketers; C. F. H. Leslie, Barnes, Morley, Bates, and Barlow making up the twelve. Unfortunately for the Englishmen, whilst on board the "Peshawur," which carried them over to the Antipodes, the Hon. Ivo Bligh severely injured his right hand, a mishap which prevented his taking part in either of the first six matches of the tour; and a collision with the barque "Glenroy" resulted in a severe injury to one of Morley's ribs, thereby com-

elling the Notts. "pro." to stand out of half the fixtures. Thus it was that the Englishmen came to play a substitute in several of the matches, and learnt the folly of only allowing themselves one reserve man; a lesson which they took to heart, for in all succeeding tours the English team consisted of

and losing the other two by an innings and 27 runs, and by 69 runs respectively. Then came the great match of the tour, when our men were opposed to an Eleven representing the full strength of the Colonies. Victory smiled on Australia by four wickets, despite some grand all-round cricket by A. G. Steel,

who carried out his bat for 135 in the first innings; and, not content with this, secured six wickets at a cost of only 83 runs. Blackham, Bonnor, and A. C. Bannerman were the heroes of the winning side; while, strangely enough, the wickets of the Englishmen in their second venture were evenly distributed between Palmer, Spofforth, Midwinter, Boyle and Horan. No Australian batsman succeeded in gaining the coveted century, although more than one went very close. On the other side, there was Steel's innings already referred to, in which he offered four chances whilst scoring his first 45; and Leslie's 144, made against New South Wales, a contribution which contained one 5 and twenty-one 4's. Steel's fine batting and bowling undoubtedly afforded the feature of the tour, the old Light Blue heading both the batting and the bowling averages



W. G. GRACE

Photo by E. HAWKINS & Co., Brighton

thirteen members. Coming to the play, seventeen matches were arranged, seven of these eleven-a-side contests, of which the voyageurs gained four victories as against three defeats. In three of these fixtures the Hon. Ivo Bligh's team was opposed to an eleven captained by Mr. Murdoch, the Australians capturing the first match of the series by nine wickets,

in the eleven-a-side matches—a handsome tribute to his wonderful powers. In some of the up-country matches the wicket was covered with cocoanut matting painted green.

Shaw's second visit to Australia in the capacity of skipper, was paid in 1884, and his team, as on the occasion of his previous visit, was composed entirely of

professionals—Barnes, Scotton, Attewell, Flowers, and Shrewsbury hailing from Notts; Peel, Hunter, Ulyett, and Bates from "the county of the broad acres"; James Lillywhite (Sussex), M. Read (Surrey), and Briggs (Lancashire) making up the number. Unfortunately, this tour was not free from unpleasantness. The Englishmen met with a most cordial reception on their arrival, but from the moment Murdoch's Team landed on their return from England it became evident they were animated by a feeling of hostility towards Shaw and his party. The Victoria contingent of the team declined to assist their Colony against the visitors, and Murdoch and A. Bannerman also refused to play in the match New South Wales v. Shaw's Eleven. In fact, the Englishmen played two matches against New South Wales and one each against Victoria and a Combined Eleven of Australia without a single member of Murdoch's Team being opposed to them, unpatriotic conduct, which was severely condemned by the public and Press of Australia. In a lengthy article on the subject, the *South Australian Register* described their conduct as most illiberal, and added, "Instead of going out of their way to advance the interests of the company of English players now on a visit to Australia, they have assumed an attitude of antagonism towards them which can only be attributed to mercenary motives, altogether unworthy of them and of Australian cricketers in general. Remembering that they claim to rank as

gentlemen players, and not as professionals, and that they met with the most liberal treatment in Great Britain, they owed it to themselves as well as to the visiting players to do all in their power to make the tour of the latter successful." At length peace was partially restored, and in the last three matches against Australia A. C. Bannerman was opposed to the English Team on all three occasions. Bonnor and Giffen played in two matches, and Scott, Palmer, M'Donnell, and Blackham appeared in one. Spofforth, it should in common fairness be stated, was not in accord with the other members of the Anglo-Australian Team, and was always



W. MURDOCH

Photo by E. HAWKINS & Co., Brighton

favourably disposed towards Shaw and his brother professionals, playing against them whenever circumstances permitted. Eight eleven-a-side matches were played, the Englishmen winning six and losing two, a result only to be expected in face of the disaffection referred to. Nor is it to be wondered at that the victory of Shaw's Team over Murdoch's Anglo-Australian Team was rather popular than otherwise throughout the Colonies. Four representative matches were played, Australia winning the second and third, and the Englishmen the other two. The victories of Shaw's Team were, however, the more easily gained, as margins of ten wickets, and an innings and 98 runs, as against a reverse by 8 runs and another by eight wickets go far to show. That the Australians thoroughly deserved their narrow victory by 8 runs will not be disputed, Garrett and Evans making such a splendid stand for the last wicket of Australia's first venture, carrying as they did the score from 101 to 181. In the eleven-a-side matches Shaw's Team scored 2,702 runs for the loss of 118 wickets, whilst their opponents lost 151 wickets for 2,450 runs, a balance greatly in favour of the Englishmen. Barnes repeated Steel's record of the previous tour by means of a batting average of 43.33 and a bowling average of 13.23. Shrewsbury, with an average of exactly 40, followed his fellow-countryman in the batting. Bates's all-round form is also worthy of remark, he being the only other batsman to average over 30. Then came a heavy drop to Briggs, whose figures fell a fraction short of 20. Peel and Attewell bore the brunt of the bowling; but the former, although taking most wickets, was the most expensive bowler on the side. Peel's figures against odds were remarkable, his 321 wickets costing only 4.20 runs per wicket, whilst his bowling against Twenty-Two of Moss Vale will long remain green in the memory of the Moss Valers, his performance of obtaining eighteen wickets for 7 runs eclipsing all feats of English bowlers in Australia. The following three-figure innings were scored in the eleven-a-side matches:—For England, Barnes 134, Briggs 131, and Shrewsbury 105; for

Australia, Bonnor 128 and M'Donnell 124, whilst it may be remarked that M'Donnell scored 83 in his second innings before he was run out by George Giffen.

The team taken out to Australia by Shaw and Shrewsbury in the autumn of 1886 was rightly considered one of the strongest that ever left England for the Colonies. Shrewsbury, Shaw, Barnes, Gunn, Scotton, Flowers, and Sherwin (Notts), Barlow and Briggs (Lancashire), Lohmann and M. Read (Surrey), Bates (Yorkshire), and James Lillywhite (Sussex) composed this, the ninth team, and altogether twenty-nine matches were played, of which ten ranked as of first-class importance. The Englishmen may be congratulated on the result of the tour, as six of these ten matches were won, two lost, and two drawn. Curiously enough, both the defeats were inflicted by New South Wales, who thereby won the rubber. England's successes, however, in the representative matches more than wiped out these reverses. Three matches were also decided between the touring team and the Melbourne Club's Australian Team, the Englishmen carrying off two games and drawing the third. It was in this tour, against New South Wales, that our countrymen first made the acquaintance of those two new bowlers who were destined to make such a name for themselves during the following season over in England; I refer to Ferris the "fiend" and Turner the "terror," who gave so striking an example of their capabilities. Turner in one match secured thirteen wickets for 54 runs, and in another fourteen wickets for 59 runs, taking in all fifty-five wickets for 424 runs, or the wonderful average of 7.71 runs per wicket. No wonder that the Englishmen thought that not even the "demon" Spofforth, in his best day, was more difficult on a slow wicket, "the ball breaking back at such a pace as to beat even Shrewsbury's defence," as "Wisden" euphoniously put it. The first of the test matches was perhaps the most remarkable game of the tour, England winning by 13 runs after being dismissed in their first innings for 45. The fact that George Giffen was too ill to assist his

countrymen may well have cost them the match. In the second and final match between the countries, unfortunately, the Australian Eleven was very far indeed from being a representative one. It is not surprising, therefore, that they met with defeat by 71 runs, notwithstanding the admirable bowling of Turner and Ferris. The century-makers for England were Shrewsbury, 144, and Barnes, 109, whilst of the Australians, Horan, 117, alone gained the coveted figures in eleven-a-side contests, though Boyle, playing for Eighteen of Sandhurst, strung up 115. As was only proper, Shrewsbury, the captain of the visitors, headed the poll in the batting with an average of 30.64; yet for the first time in his life he was twice out in one match without getting a run, Turner clean bowling him in each innings. Barnes,

who met with an accident towards the end of January, was placed second, three other men on the side topping the twenties. Barnes (13.48) held pride of place in the bowling averages, his fine bowling undoubtedly winning the first test match; but Lohmann (15.51), who claimed fifty-nine victims, took more than double the number of wickets. Neither Lillywhite nor Shaw played in any of the leading fixtures, R. Wood filling the vacancies which occurred on these occasions. Before bidding adieu to this tour, mention should certainly be made of the tremendous scoring of the Non-Smokers against the Smokers, when both coun-



A. E. STODDART

Photo by E. HAWKINS & Co., Brighton

tries were represented. Shrewsbury (236), Gunn (150), and Bruce (131) were the principal scorers towards the huge total of 803, the highest total ever obtained in a first-class match up to that date, a record all the more remarkable considering that Barnes did not bat.

The season of 1887-88 saw the Englishmen triumphant almost all along the line. It was in this season that two English teams visited Australia, a supreme piece of folly hardly likely to be repeated. Apart from financial considerations, both teams were wonderfully successful from an Englishman's point of view. Mr. Vernon's Team, captained by the Hon. M. B. Hawke, only lost

one match; while Shaw and Shrewsbury's side, captained by Mr. C. A. Smith, suffered but two defeats. Dealing with the doings of Mr. Vernon's team first, which combination consisted of seven amateurs and six professionals, their record must be considered all the more remarkable when it is recalled that poor Bates's services were lost through that terrible accident to his eye (a ball on the Melbourne ground from a neighbouring net striking him with fearful force) and that the death of Lord Hawke's father compelled the Yorkshire captain to return suddenly to England. Australia was met once, and then defeated by an innings and 78 runs. But the absence of George Giffen, M'Donnell, Jones, Moses, and Turner detracted in a great measure from the importance of the victory. At one time during the match, ridiculous as it sounds, the Englishmen seemed in great danger of losing, six of their wickets being down for less than 30 runs. Happily, "the tail wagged," and the total reached 292. At New South Wales the reverse of the tour was met. South Australia and Victoria had previously received their quietus; but at Sydney Mr. Vernon's Team struck their colours, though not without a struggle. Admitted that a defeat by nine wickets was no light one, on the other hand the visitors' first innings realised the capital total of 340, so they were not disgraced. In the second match against New South Wales the tables were turned, and England won by eight wickets. W. W. Read's 119 and 53 not out went a long way towards winning the match. Perhaps it was as well that he was missed in the first innings by Turner before he had opened his account. The only unpleasantness of the tour occurred in the draw with South Australia. The Englishmen looked like winning comfortably in an innings, having totalled 382, as against 143, when, sad to relate, the wicket was watered in the night—no, not by Nature's instrumentality—and it rolled out so true that the South Australians played a second innings of 493. George Giffen (203) and W. Godfrey (119) showed wonderfully fine form, and their batting saved their side from defeat. But there still remained that

little matter of the watered wicket, and, naturally, this extraordinary incident was widely discussed. The perpetrators of the fell deed, be it added, were never discovered, despite a nice little sum being offered as a reward. However, in the third fixture against the South Australians Mr. Vernon's Team was amply avenged. South Australia were dismissed in their second venture for 32, Attewell in this match taking five wickets for 33 and seven for 15. The side owed their successful record of six wins, one defeat, and one draw in eleven-a-side matches mainly to the instrumentality of two men. W. W. Read claimed an average of 65.78, and Attewell bagged 53 wickets at the small cost of 11.06 runs apiece. Read, indeed, was the only English century maker, contributing 183, 142, and 119. The Australians to gain the honour were three, viz., G. Giffen with 203, Godfrey with 119, and M'Donnell with 112. Peel's all-round play furnished another notable feature of the tour, and seldom has a cricketer obtained so good a batting average as 39.73 with a highest score of 55. A. E. Stoddart, who was afterwards to take out a couple of teams on his own account, also averaged over 30 an innings, Abel coming next.

Reverting to the side got together by Shaw, Shrewsbury, and Lillywhite, which was commonly called Shrewsbury's Team, it is noticeable that both their defeats were inflicted by New South Wales. A victory on each side by ten wickets led up to New South Wales winning the rubber by 153 runs, that brilliant left-handed batsman Moses contributing 58 and 109, and Turner dismissing sixteen men for 79 runs. And since those days Englishmen have had good reason to respect some of the left-handed batsmen turned out by our Colonies in Australia. It was in this tour that Victoria were defeated by an innings and 456 runs, Arthur Shrewsbury giving an exceptional display of scientific batting for 232, and G. Brann hitting hard for 118. Australia were defeated by five wickets, A. C. Bannerman in the second innings of the losers carrying his bat through the venture for 45. A couple of matches were also played against the sixth Anglo-Australian

team, Shrewsbury's side gaining easy victories. The finest cricket of the tour marked the return of these fixtures, Shrewsbury (206) exceeding the 200 for the second time, whilst for the losers S. P. Jones carried his bat through the second innings for 134. Reviewing the results of the trip, five of the eleven-a-side matches were won by Shrewsbury's team, as against two losses. Only two centuries already referred to were obtained. Shrewsbury's average of 58.98 was well earned, and no praise can exceed the deserts of Lohmann, who took sixty-three wickets for 755 runs. On one occasion the English teams joined forces and decisively defeated Australia, who, however, would doubtless have been strengthened by the inclusion of G. Giffen, Bruce, and Horan. The English Eleven consisted of Shrewsbury, M. Read, Lohmann, Ulyett, Briggs, W. Newham, and Pilling (Shrewsbury's Team), and W. W. Read, A. E. Stoddart, Peel, and Attewell (Mr. Vernon's Team). The victors' spoils were pretty evenly distributed among the members of both teams. This was as it should be.

The tour undertaken by Lord Sheffield's Team in the Australian season of 1891-92 was a notable one in more than one respect. Everything was carried out on a most lavish scale; and, as a rule, a body of first-class cricketers on tour live like fighting cocks, whether the land of their adventures be England, Australia, or Timbuctoo. Then W. G. Grace renewed his acquaintance with the Colonies

after an interval of eighteen years, and he had under his command such men as A. E. Stoddart, G. MacGregor, O. G. Radcliffe, H. Philipson, Lohmann, Abel, M. Read, Sharpe, Attewell, Peel, Briggs, and Bean. Shrewsbury and Gunn, who refused the terms offered them, were, in fact, the only absentees of importance. Six of the eleven-a-side matches were won and two lost, on the face of it no bad record; but as our defeats were incurred in the test matches, the rubber went against us, and, presto! the gilt was off the ginger-bread. A brace of victories were gained over New South Wales and Victoria, one over South Australia, whilst



MR. BLACKHAM

Photo by E. HAWKINS & Co., Brighton

the third test match was also won. The first match against Combined Australia excited an extraordinary amount of interest, and was won by the "Cornstalks" by 54 runs. A good illustration was furnished of how a match can be won or lost in five minutes—no very uncommon occurrence—I refer to R. M'Leod's dismissal of Grace, Stoddart, and Abel in two overs. This bowling feat was performed in the Englishmen's first innings, but it must have had a great bearing on the result. The Australians brought the second of the three big matches to a successful finish at Sydney by 72 runs. The game was a memorable one, and the fine uphill fight of the winners deservedly crowned with success. The close of an innings on each side left them 162 runs to the bad, and then it was that Lyons (134), and A. C. Bannerman (91), backed up by useful contributions from Bruce and G. Giffen, set the Englishmen 230 to win, a task they failed to achieve. Lyons, I shall always think, was the fastest scorer who ever wielded a bat, though Thornton and Bonnor could perhaps hit harder. A greater contrast to Lyons' style of play than that adopted by Bannerman no one could wish to see. Bannerman was at the wickets for seven hours and a-half, and in the previous trial of strength his two innings of 45 and 41 lasted respectively three hours and a quarter and four hours. Nor in recounting the great feats of this match must Abel's 132 not out be passed lightly over. Only once before had anyone taken his bat right through an innings in a test match, the previous instance being furnished by Dr. Barrett's 67 at Lord's in 1890. It was a pity that later in the same match Abel should have so blotted his copy-book as to miss Lyons in the slips, report speaking indeed of a second mistake by the same fieldsman. Stoddart was the hero of the third and final match, his 134 and Briggs's twelve wickets for 136 accrediting the Englishmen with a gallant victory by an innings and 230 runs. Very gratifying must it have been to "W. G." to head the batting averages in both the eleven-a-side matches and in all engagements. His 159 not out in the first match against Victoria was his most notable effort, but

it was rather to his consistent play he owed his position and his grand average of 44·80. It only remains for me to refer to the centuries of Lohmann (102) and M. Read (106), obtained in the return with New South Wales, to have drawn attention to the century-makers of the tour. Attewell, who secured forty-four wickets at a cost of 13·02 apiece, was closely followed by Briggs in the bowling department. Lohmann proved rather more expensive than his two brother professionals, but his fielding at cover-slip was much admired. Bean and Sharpe were the disappointments of the tour, the one good performance on the part of each alone saving them from utter ignominy.

The Australian season of 1894-5 was marked by another visit from an English team of cricketers, the thirteenth tour of the series. A. E. Stoddart, the Middlesex skipper, held the reins, and despite the absence of W. G. Grace, F. S. Jackson, Gunn and Abel, the honour of Old England was considered safe in the hands of A. E. Stoddart, A. C. Maclaren, F. G. J. Ford, H. Philipson, L. H. Gay, A. Ward, Brown, Peel, Briggs, Brockwell, Richardson, Lockwood, and Humphreys. Very satisfactory results attended the tour, England winning the rubber by three games to two, besides defeating New South Wales, Victoria, South Australia, and a mixed eleven of Queensland and New South Wales. The first match with South Australia was lost, as was the return with Victoria, so of the twelve eleven-a-side games the Englishmen took eight and lost four. The first test match of the tour may well be regarded as the most sensational ever played in Australia. To total 586 runs in their first venture, secure a lead of 261 on the completion of an innings a side, and then lose by 10 runs was the provoking fate of the Australians. Consistent batting throughout the English eleven and the altered condition of the wicket on the Australians batting a second time, may be said to have carried the day, a day that will for ever remain glorious in the annals of English cricket. The second representative match was also won by England. The margin in our favour was one of 93, a grand 173 by Stoddart

bringing about the desired result. Australia was set with 428 runs to win, and sent up 190 for one wicket, whilst the last wicket added 65, but all to no purpose. Fine all-round cricket by A. E. Trott, younger brother to "G. H. S." and an innings of 140 by Iredale, let in

was powerless to give England the lead, and the Colonials led on the first innings by 29 runs. The leaders' second venture fell short of their first by 147 runs, still the Englishmen were set 297 to win. Their captain and Brockwell were dismissed with the score only 28, and the

position looked black for England. At this point it was that A. Ward and Brown made their celebrated stand of 210 runs, which placed the issue beyond doubt, and gladdened the hearts of all Englishmen in the Mother Country. Brown hit brilliantly for 140, and Ward played patiently for 93, the match ending soon after their dismissal in a victory for the Englishmen by six wickets. Some mention must also be made of the final match of the tour against South Australia, the Englishmen running up 609 runs and winning by ten wickets. Ward, Brown, and F. G. J. Ford topped the century, the first named's 219 being the second highest score obtained for the visitors throughout the tour, Maclaren's 228 against Victoria alone holding preference. George Giffen had 309 runs hit off him in England's first



GEORGE GIFFEN

Photo by E. HAWKINS & Co. Brighton

the Australians on the third meeting. Then the Colonials, owing to some wonderful batting by Graham (105), and A. E. Trott (86 not out), followed by the Englishmen batting on a terribly bad wicket, won the fourth match and made honours easy. The final struggle furnished a fitting sequel. Maclaren's 120

innings, a record unprecedented in first-class cricket. But the Australian Grace often laid himself open to the charge of holding on to the bowling too long, a weakness indulged in by some captains. In this same match young "Clem" Hill, who struck eighteen years of age on the first day of the match, commemorated

the event with an innings of 150, not out, and a second innings of 56. Coming to the individual performances of the tour, Stoddart, Maclaren, Brown, and Ward, batted time after time superbly. The captain's average exceeded 50, and the other trio usurped the 40's in the order named.

Brown's success was particularly notable, as he was Stoddart's final choice, only gaining a place through Abel's refusal to visit the Colonies. The brunt of the bowling was borne by Richardson (23·76), Briggs (24·05), and Peel (25·28), the Surrey fast bowler carrying off premier honours, although he took some time to settle down to the fast wickets of Australia. His first three wickets in fact cost about a hundred runs apiece. L. H. Gay, Humphreys, and Lockwood, must be written down failures, nor did Brockwell fulfil expectations. Amongst the Australians G. Giffen, Iredale, A. E. Trott, and young Hill, met with the lion's share of success with the bat. Hundreds for Mr. Stoddart's Team were made by Brown, 140, 118, 115, and 101; Maclaren, 228, 120, and 106; A. Ward, 219, 117, and 107; A. E. Stoddart, 173 and 149; and F. G. J.

Ford, 106. For Australia, Iredale got 140 and 133; Gregory, 201; G. Giffen, 161; Hill, 150, not out; Darling, 117; and Graham, 105. Stoddart's great popularity throughout the Colonies was proverbial.

It remains now for the last chapter to be written. But what cricketer has not

followed with intense interest the struggle for supremacy which has been waged these last few months in Australia? And the stupendous success of the "Cornstalks" in appropriating four of the five test matches is too fresh in the minds of all for me to cover the ground anew.



A. G. STEEL

Photo by E. HAWKINS & Co Brighton

On the English side, A. C. Maclaren and Ranjitsinhji stand out from their confrères. Of the remaining batsmen, Hayward and Hirst alone did themselves justice. But it was with the ball rather than with the bat where England failed. M. A. Noble, C. McLeod, and E. Jones were less expen-

sive than any of the English trundlers, and if accounts are to be believed they showed greater control over the ball and bowled rather with their head than with their hand. The colt Noble, who up to this season was simply regarded as a batsman—and some may remember his not out innings of 152 for Sydney Juniors against Stoddart's Team in December, 1894—came out in striking new colours, and has already established himself a great reputation as an all-round man. He bowls right-arm, medium pace with a break from the off, and that his deliveries sorely puzzled the Englishmen was made pretty evident. C. McLeod's batting and bowling also stood out, and should the next Australian Team to our shores include the pair they would furnish one of the attractions of the tour. Darling and Hill, of the old stagers, divided the highest batting honours, and to aggregate no fewer than 537 runs in the test matches is a performance Darling may justifiably be proud of. No wonder he is the "darling" of the Australian crowd. Worral, too, since he visited England in 1888, has come on a lot, and is now ranked as one of the best batsmen in Australia; a reliable bat on a bad wicket is the character awarded him. Events of interest outside the more immediate category of the test matches were the no-balling of Jones, George Giffen's attitude, the postponement of the first test match, the record aggregate established at Sydney, and



PRINCE RANJITSINHJI

Photo by E. HAWKINS & Co., Brighton

Maclaren's feat of scoring two centuries in the first fixture with New South Wales, all of which have created considerable comment. Regarding the no-balling of Jones, the Australians rather had us on the hip, by pointing out that as doubtful bowling was not questioned in England, no objection should have been raised to Jones's deliveries. But that Jones did bend his arm to an unconscionable extent, until he was pulled up, must be taken for granted, and the prompt action of Phillips in the matter is to be commended. Maclaren's 142 and 100 were obtained against New South Wales in the third fixture of the tour, and his

performance established a record in Australia. The return match between the teams was the one which created a fresh aggregate record, the previous best, the 1,514 compiled at Sydney in 1894, going under by no fewer than 225 runs. Finally, from a financial standpoint the tour must be regarded as an unparalleled success, however disappointing have been the results of the test matches to Englishmen. Common fairness compels one to admit that the better side won, even had the margin left room for doubt in the matter, which it does not. It should also be remembered that the visitors were unanimously described in England, when the final selection was made known, as the strongest cricketing combination that had ever been selected to visit Australia. The results of the tour cannot be reconciled in regard to such a general expression of opinion as this, without admitting Australia's supremacy for the time being. The fact of the matter is that experience has to be bought on the cricket field, and that the inclusion of such well-trying cricketers as either W. G. Grace, F. S. Jackson, Gunn, Abel, or Brown, had they been available, would have strengthened

the English Team very considerably. More of soundness, coolness, and judgment would have been drafted into the team at the sacrifice of perhaps a little brilliancy. However, the crowning folly of all is to be traced to the attempt to run so important a tour on a matter of thirteen men, a number which actually included a reserve wicket keeper. The Australians, out of self respect to themselves, pay us the compliment of manning their team with fourteen hands when they make the visit to England. Yet the members of our teams are harder hit by the change of climate, the excessive heat of the Antipodes often bowling over one or other of them for the time being at least. Cricketers are not mere machines, and one season's play on the top of another is bound to lead to staleness unless adequate changes be run in the personnel of the team from time to time. A short tour throughout the home counties by a team numbering thirteen may be all very well, but England will never be fairly represented in the Colonies under the present regime.

It only remains for me to append the record of the representative matches:—

DATE.	PLAYED AT	RESULTS.
1877.	Melbourne ...	Lillywhite's Team lost by 45 runs.
1877.	Melbourne ...	Lillywhite's Team won by four wickets.
1879.	Melbourne ...	Lord Harris's Team lost by ten wickets.
1882.	Melbourne ...	Shaw's Team v. Australia, drawn.
1882.	Sydney ..	Shaw's Team lost by 5 wickets.
1883.	Sydney ..	Hon. Ivo Bligh's Team lost by four wickets.
1885.	Melbourne ...	Shaw's Team won by ten wickets.
1885.	Sydney ...	Shaw's Team lost by 6 runs.
1885.	Sydney ...	Shaw's Team lost by eight wickets.
1885.	Melbourne ...	Shaw's Team won by an innings and 98 runs.
1887.	Sydney ...	Shrewsbury's Team won by 13 runs.
1887.	Sydney ...	Shrewsbury's Team won by 71 runs.
1888.	Melbourne ...	Mr. Vernon's Team won by an innings and 78 runs.
1888.	Sydney ...	Shrewsbury's Team won by five wickets.
1888.	Sydney ...	Combined English Team won by 126 runs.
1892.	Melbourne ..	Lord Sheffield's Team lost by 54 runs.
1892.	Sydney ...	Lord Sheffield's Team lost by 72 runs.
1892.	Adelaide ...	Lord Sheffield's Team won by an innings and 230 runs.
1894.	Sydney ...	Mr. Stoddart's Team won by 10 runs.
1895.	Melbourne ...	Mr. Stoddart's Team won by 94 runs.
1895.	Adelaide ..	Mr. Stoddart's Team lost by 382 runs.
1895.	Sydney ...	Mr. Stoddart's Team lost by an innings and 147 runs.
1895.	Melbourne ...	Mr. Stoddart's Team won by six wickets.
1897.	Sydney ...	Mr. Stoddart's Team won by nine wickets.
1898.	Melbourne ...	Mr. Stoddart's Team lost by an innings and 55 runs.
1898.	Adelaide ...	Mr. Stoddart's Team lost by an innings and 13 runs.
1898.	Melbourne ...	Mr. Stoddart's Team lost by eight wickets.
1898.	Sydney ...	Mr. Stoddart's Team lost by six wickets.

RESULTS:—England won 13, lost 14, drawn 1.

Awaiting the Return of the Inca

BY MAY CROMMELIN.

ILLUSTRATED BY PHOTOGRAPHS



MOUNTAIN RAILWAY TO OROYA



F all original religions of a half-civilised people, there was, perhaps, never one more interesting in its working, more pathetic in its persecution, than the Sun-worship of Peru.

Who were they, that white pair, the strangers who taught it? Whence came they, Manco Capac, the man, and Mama Oello, the woman, who founded the royal line of Incas—those splendid paternal despots, eldest sons and vice-regents of the Light of Day! After all, it was

not so very long ago. Only thirteen Incas reigned before the Spanish conquest, by their own computing. Yet we know no more of their origin than *they* did of the huge ruins, prehistoric temples, still to be seen, scattered over the country in Peru.

I do not write to advance any theory about the Incas, or their religion. Merely I would tell—what many in England may not know—that sun-worship still survives in Peru. Nay, more; that many poor Indians hope and

pray, night and morning, that the great Sun will yet hear them and send another Inca to be their monarch.

Let me, therefore, explain the present state of these poor *peones*, the natives of the Land of the Sun.

Nowadays the population of Peru consists, roughly speaking, of two castes—class and mass. The upper caste, descended from the bluest-blooded of the Spanish adventurers who sought fortune in the Indies, flocked to Lima, newly founded by Pizarro. This "City of Kings," as he called it, became the capital and residence of the Spanish viceroys. The lower caste remains the vast population of Indians; hewers of wood and drawers of water for their masters (on the great sugar estates there are also numbers of Chinese and negroes, who, intermarrying with each other and the Indians, produce hideous hybrid breeds).

The Peruvian Indians may be roughly grouped in three classes as follows:—

The Cholos, or seaboard race; hardy and healthy.

The Sierranos, or mountaineers from the giant sierras of the Andes; and these are timid and gentle.

Thirdly, the Indians of the Amazonas, or vast inland regions traversed by the mighty Amazon and its tributaries. A few of these tribes are known to be cannibals. Others lead a half-starved jungle existence.

The Cholos are the fisher folk of the coast. At Tumbez it is a grand sight to see the men putting out in the long Pacific swell on what they call their "caballitos" ("little horses"). These are mere bundles of reeds lashed together. The man sits on his water-steed with both legs straight out, paddling away with a split bamboo. If washed off by a bigger wave than most, he quickly climbs on again. The little naked children mimic their fathers, and play with their tiny caballitos, too; swimming like dogs round one proud rider, who paddles with his chubby arms; pulling each other off in turn, diving and laughing. The families live in loosely-woven cane

huts, just sufficiently thatched to keep off the sun's rays, but allowing air and eyesight to pass through the cage-walls freely. There are few domestic secrets in those villages!

Around Lima the Cholas are the milk-women, who ride in early to town with milk-cans slung thick on their donkeys' shoulders and flanks. And a pleasing sight such a Chola is, often handsome, with olive complexion and swarthy hair, strong and good-humoured. Such an one may have been the famous Perichola, an Indian girl whom the Spanish viceroy, Amat, loved to distraction, and whose story is greatly altered in the libretto of the opera which bears her nickname.

On landing in Peru I supposed that the sun-worship, described so vividly in Prescott's History, was as dead as that of the Druids. With what surprise I first heard it yet flamed, if feebly! And yet three hundred years have passed by since the Spaniards believed they had stamped out "the Devil's worship."



A MILK WOMAN



BURIAL PLACE

Near Eten, on the coast, there is a village called Monsefoo, where it is easy to see that the people are of the old Inca blood, being much superior to the ordinary Indian stock, or the Cholos, who have some Spanish mixture of origin. This they are well aware of, and proud to boast their royal family. It is a well-known fact that all the inhabitants of Monsefoo only wear black, in sign of perpetual mourning. When asked why, they reply "*It is because we await the return of our Inca!*" They carry out this so strictly that the women will buy white calico from the English traders, and dye it themselves, so that even their chemises are black!

A word more on the subject of the Indian burial-places before exchanging the lowlands for the hills. Those travellers on the easy iron roads of Europe who know the various cemeteries of great cities, such as notably the Campo Santo of Genoa, may be surprised to see the accompanying illustration, taken from the photograph of an

Indian burial-place. In this, as in other pantheons, the corpse is inserted into one of the long holes with which the wall of rock is honeycombed, and the end of the aperture then closed. In Inca days, however, the favourite burial-place of the Peruvians was certain sands on the shores which had a preserving quality. Here whole families seem to have been interred, many in a kind of underground hut, forming the vault of respectability. Their drinking-cups and water-vessels kept them company, besides work-baskets that are found full of wooden needles and knitting-pins with balls of vicuna worsted. The corpses were neatly tied up in sacking, and I have seen long black hair still uninjured protruding from these mummies.

The lowland Peruvians are mostly devout Catholics. Fire and sword baptized *them!* But it is the Sierranos, or hill Indians, who worship great Phœbus Apollo to this day. This I learnt from Mr. Clinton Dawkins, who at that time held the important post of Agent of the

Peruvian Railways and Development Corporation, and who kindly allowed me to quote him as my authority. Being far up on the Oroya railway, bound for Pérené—the new coffee grounds then being formed in the jungle, on civilisation's furthest fringe—he himself saw his Indian labourers twice a day offering up prayers to the sun. In the evening they implored the great luminary to rise again. At dawn they praised their god with thanksgiving for his reappearance.

These Sieranos are very timid—cowardice and its close companion, lying, being their chief faults. When ill one will come to his English employer, saying gently, "Patrón, I must die to-night!" Whereupon, if wise, that patrón kicks the peon for a poor fool—roundly scolding him for being merely lazy. In this case the peon (or workman) resolves to live; if not, he does die! Or so, at least, I was assured.

It may be here worth explaining why the Peruvian Corporation, which is under English control, should be pushing into the grand but well-nigh inextricable jungle on the far inland slope of the mighty Andes. Roughly speaking, the matter had birth when Peru borrowed money from Europe in 1869, 1870, and 1872, wherewith to build railways, and open up the extraordinary natural riches of the land. She began the railways, but neglected the mines and industries. Thence followed debt.

Then came the war with Chile; conquest by the invaders; ruin! For the victorious Chilians annexed the rich nitrate fields and the guano rocks of Peru. When the European bondholders brought forward their claim for their loans and interest accrued—almost thirty-three millions—there was naught left in the treasury to repay them.

In this state of embarrassment the "Grace contract" was drawn up between both parties. By this Peru handed to its bondholders, for sixty-six years, all the State railways, and the few guano islands left, likewise grants of free lands to be colonised by European immigrants.

Therefore the Peruvian Corporation needs to keep its able agent in Lima entrusted with the herculean task of protecting its interests.

In the far trans-Andean jungle, Pérené is one of the virgin lands lately being opened up by adventurous British lads,

pioneers of the Corporation; and Mr. Dawkins, as its chief, was the leading explorer in the new venture. Up the Andes railway lies the way to the summit, some 15,000 feet high; on down to Oroya only a mere 12,000 feet on the further slope. Thence the path descends under sharp hills, clothed in magnificent tropical foliage, by winding paths under overhanging cliffs, past cascades falling like sheets of silver among the wooded heights, and rivers foaming in the deep valleys. Further on it was British arms



THE FOREST

that hewed toilfully a road through dense woods of great trees, silent of bird calls or insect sounds; and thickly festooned with huge creepers like an intricate network of ropes. Beyond these forests there lie vast, almost unknown regions, watered by the great Amazon tributaries. In these, if paths exist, the llamas are the only available beasts of burden. "Little camels of South America," as they have been called, they are a pretty sight, stepping along in single file, with their loads strapped on their backs, and their deer-like heads held high. They follow a leader, who wears a diminutive red or blue cap, with a rakish air. Gentle though he looks, only try to add a featherweight to the pack of a llama, and the effect is magical! Down he lies prone, and neither blandishments nor brutality will induce him to rise until his load has been reduced to what he considers exact justice. Then he gets up and moves on again like a satisfied good citizen.

When the Pérené pioneers first camped in these forests the Indians were reported to be suspicious, if not hostile. And Mr. Dawkins, as head of the prospecting party, naturally felt distrustful of them,

so he told me one evening at dinner in his charming Lima house, pointing the tale later on by displaying to the guests certain blowpipes and deadly poisoned arrows. In the gloomy undergrowth of the tangled woods a dusky, naked form may hide; not a rustle will betray its presence to the lusty white man; whistling at work on his coffee clearing hard by. Only a light feathered thing darts through the air, and the labourer drops dead.

It was with great relief, therefore, that one day the camp espied a French priest emerging from the supposed trackless woods. This was one of those few utterly devoted hermits who pass solitary lives in the Southern wilderness teaching and civilising the savages. These missionaries are often men of remarkable intellectual powers, which they do not think wasted in such a forlorn cause. They alone dare penetrate into the innermost jungles, although often they travel for greater safety in couples.

Approaching the camp, the good padre announced that he had come to offer his services. He proposed to escort Mr. Dawkins to visit the Indian chief of the



THE LLAMAS

district, whose hut was hidden at some distance in the woods.

"These poor savages have not always been too well treated by the Peruvians, so they distrust strangers," said the priest; "but I promise that under my charge you will be free of the forest."

He then told how many unwary travellers, hazarding themselves alone in those regions, had never been heard of more. An arrow had sped through the tropical tangle, or the blowpipe had hissed, though the use of this last weapon is retreating into the still more unexplored interior. As they went through a narrow track, shown by the priest, the latter described the chief towards whom they were bound.

"He is a singularly intelligent Indian, and I find no fault with him, beyond his having killed three wives in succession. Influenza has attacked him three times in as many years, so being frightened by this new and strange disease he has each time sacrificed a wife, hoping to appease his offended deity."

When they presently reached the chief's dwelling, as the priest had promised, the Indian and his fourth wife received them hospitably. A meal of good fellowship was offered the stranger, of which he partook without wincing, and thenceforth was looked upon as a friend. Monkey-flesh was the chief dish, but this is not bad fare—at least the flesh of the black long-armed monkey is said to be excellent.*

Another course was less appetising—a leaf of caterpillars dried in the sun.

Yucca spirit, called chicha, was then served as drink, the root of which yucca plant, like a giant parsnip, is a favourite vegetable in Peru. The manner of the chicha fermentation is difficult to explain with delicacy. However, it gives occupation of a social and light nature to a number of old ladies still blessed with teeth. These sit in a circle on the ground, near some jars that presently

receive balls of yucca dough, and are then filled up with water. This yucca drink, and the still deadlier cane-spirit, are the curses of the poor Indians; while maize chicha is harmless enough.

Even those of another creed, like myself, must cordially admire the good work done by the missionary friars in Peru. It recalls, in a perforce lesser way, the Jesuits' noble record in Paraguay. There they taught the Indians orange-growing, and the manufacture of the native tea, the maté-yerba. They built schools, colleges, churches—all filled in that Arcadian time with intelligent disciples. Then, when a jealous government expelled them, all this good work fell into decay. Sometimes a broken bridge, or part of a road, overgrown by the jungle, is discovered by a surprised traveller, who learns, "That was made long ago, by the Jesuits."

One wonders if these men have so far succeeded where other missionaries fail, by virtue of their celibacy, which frees them from all wish to cling to the borders of civilization for the sake of wife and children. Or is it that they are chosen for a superiority of gifts and spirituality, which used in Europe, must have won them praise in the world and high places in the Church?

These Indians of Pérené have a funeral custom which is both curious and pathetic. When one of them dies, the family abandon the dwelling-hut, closing it with care, and leaving the dead in peaceful possession of the perhaps beloved home. True, the huts are very miserable; also fear, rather than respect, may be the dominant feeling in the minds of these wild folk of the woods. Still they may not dread their family ghosts like their kinsmen the Christianised Cholos; the latter Indians being said to have but a shadowy idea of some future existence for men—alas, none at all for their poor women.

The gala costume of Pérené is slight, light, and ornate. It consists mainly of a necklace of monkeys' teeth and different berries, with pendants of dried humming-birds. Among the different Pérené Indian tribes there are known to be at least two that are cannibals when the chance of human flesh comes

* Later, I was interested when reading "Stevenson's Travels in South America," to find mention of this diet. For a long time, he says, he objected to taste it, but on hearing it praised by all, at last laid aside his prejudice and found the flesh superior to any kind of meat he had ever eaten.

their way, but for reasons easily understood, it is difficult for chance travellers to give details concerning these feasts. However, when the reputed cannibals have come down to the edge of civilization they have been photographed, and certainly their inhuman tastes seem to have degraded them to an even more repulsive appearance than that of the Fuegians.

There is a story which passes current among the travellers in the high Cordillera, illustrating aptly the naïve nature of the hill-folk, which tale, although frequently told, is nevertheless believed to be true. It runs as follows:

An Englishman was travelling with a party who were crossing a very high mountain range before descending into the more inhabited valleys below, leading to the Pérené country, in the interior. Just as they reached the very summit of the pass, they were surprised to notice some piles of loose stones not far off, rudely shaped as crosses.

"Hallo! What do those mean there?" asked the Briton of his *arriero*. Now, in spite of the reserve of these half-bred guides, our countryman had established friendly relations with this one by slapping him on the back, calling him *paisano* (countryman), implying equality, and unloosing his tongue with a half-bottle of pisco, a strong grape spirit, much esteemed in Peru. Nevertheless, Demetrio, though himself connected with the hill-Indians, rather sullenly declared he knew nothing about the apparent symbols.

There happened to be a German in the troop, who was proud of his skill as a marksman, and who now began firing

idly at the cairns, in hitting which he dislodged some of the stones. This incident greatly disturbed the equanimity of the guide, who hastily drawing the Englishman aside, begged a word with him in private.

"Patron," said he, "I do not like to interfere with the amusement of the señor, who is a foreigner. But you are like one of us, so I will tell you that he is making a bad business for some poor wife down in those Indian huts, which you can just see, yonder, in the valley."

Demetrio then confided that the crosses had a serious signification. He said that when the Indians of those parts were obliged to make a long



A CANNIBAL WOMAN

journey, it was customary for them to pause upon the last hilltop from which they could descry the neighbourhood of their homes, and then each man who was married, built himself a cross of loose stones. On the homeward route they took pains to return by the same hill, when they halted to examine carefully the condition of their various marks.

If a cross remained intact, well and good! That was an infallible sign that the wife of the Indian who reared it had been irreproachable in conduct during her lord's absence. If, on the other hand, some cunningly-laid wife-trap seemed disarranged, then a distinctly guilty spouse would receive a severe beating on the arrival of her husband at his hut in the valley.

Some little while ago, mention was made in an American magazine of a secret custom lingering among the Indians in remote places of Peru. It is that of helping any one hopelessly ill to hasten their painful exit from this world! But the statement was afterwards quoted with derision by an English paper published in Peru, which flatly denied that any such practice had ever existed. Nevertheless, my informant as to the battle of the papers assured me that, in his opinion, as one long acquainted with Peru, this custom was a fact, and survived until quite lately, if, indeed, it be extinct even now.

It is a kind of euthanasia, he said, which is meant as a last kindness to the sufferer. The deed is supposed to be performed by a recognised Indian official, appointed for the purpose, who, when the ceremony is fixed, comes and presses his knee on the chest of the dying person. It is easy to ridicule the likelihood of what the poor peones would carefully conceal from foreigners, as also from their superiors, he added. And certainly in Ireland, for example, I have known persons utterly ignorant of the folk-lore and secret superstitions prevailing among the peasantry around them.

A horrible instance of gross cruelty among Christianised Indians was told me by an Englishman, who said that it had happened, to his own knowledge, not far from where he was employed for many years inland.

An Indian girl had displeased the *cura* of the district by not taking her appointed part in some religious ceremony; so, apparently to please the priest, she was punished by her parents. They did this by tying their unfortunate daughter one night naked to a tree, fastening her hands and exposing her to the attacks of mosquitoes. When morning came she was found mad from their stings, and by sundown the tortured victim died. Incredible though this may appear, I was assured by various persons who knew the interior that it was likely enough, and that, in all probability, the girl's parents thought her sentence deserved, for the poor Peruvians are quite degraded in their religious superstitions. This punishment of exposure in the woods has long been practised in South America; witness the tales of unhappy girls in the Argentine thus bound to trees, and left as prey to the wild beasts. In these cases the puma, the "friend of man," as old Spanish chroniclers call the South American lion, has been often said to guard the human victim, driving all other savage animals away.

One characteristic which especially struck me among the poor half-Indian Peruvians—and that is also an admirable trait in the ladies of the upper class—is their extreme piety. It is a pity that, given so fruitful a field, the priests of Peru should not be more careful to sow good seed. But these seem for many years back to have become self-indulgent and degraded to a depth shocking to European minds, and, far from raising, they have lowered the ideals of their simple native flock.

In justice to Rome, it must be added that a Papal Nuncio was sent to Lima some few years ago, expressly to sweep away the abuses which made a scandal there. Perhaps by now, therefore, some of the mummeries I saw, or heard of, during my visit in 1894 may already be suppressed—at least in the capital.

Still I will mention some of these slightly, to show what vulgar tales and falsehoods the poor Peruvians are, or were, invited to admire and believe by their Christian pastors in the latter half of this nineteenth century.

Compare the following customs of the Catholic Church in Peru with the simple

sun-worship of the poor Indians—their morning thanksgiving, their nightly prayer for the renewed blessings of warmth and light.

On the feast days of certain saints it is usual in Lima, as often elsewhere, for the images of other saints to be borne in procession to visit them, as, for instance, the images of, say, San Juan or Santo Domingo, will be carried in state to the respective churches of San Francisco and Santo Tomas, where the ~~p~~ests are expected to stay the night. When the ceremony is ended, the church is cleared and its doors closed. Then the gaping Cholos, dispersing, gossip to each other what fine diversion the holy images will hold together till daylight; for it is their common belief that the saints will then smoke choice cigars and play rocamboa. (The latter is the favourite Spanish game of cards. It is said to resemble the old one of quadrille, and many Englishmen prefer it to whist.)

There seems proof in plenty that the priests do not discourage this popular idea as to saintly recreations. One European, who held a high position in Peru, said to me emphatically:

"I can assure you that, some six years ago, I myself saw a strange Easter sight in the churches here. The priests had made all the saints' images appear as if smoking. They had fastened cigars to the lips of all the popular favourites; but they only gave cigarettes to the lesser ones!"

In fairness to Peru, it should be said that some irreverent outbreaks are not peculiar to this country, but are common to the West Coast—such as maltreatment of the saints' images when the prayers of their devotees remain too long unanswered. For instance, when San Isidor—most worshipped and reviled of saints on this dry coast—has failed to send rain after days of drought and prayer, he has been loaded with chains and dragged round the town in derision, or taken out to sea and soundly ducked! But it is only in Lima that I have heard of the following Easter practice, which an English friend of mine witnessed some eight years ago—a lady singularly free from exaggeration:

A party of friends arranged to go on

the Holy Thursday *fiesta* to the church of Santo Domingo. This has for some while back been used for great ceremonies as the principal sacred edifice in Lima. For the cathedral founded by Pizarro is of late dangerous from the crumbling state of its roof, which the government have declared themselves too impoverished to repair. To their great surprise, these Europeans saw a strange travesty of the Holy Supper arranged in the chancel.

A long table was surrounded by twelve wooden apostles propped up in chairs; a thirteenth seat being vacant. On the cloth were laid out as many plates, glasses, knives, forks and spoons, as the mind of even the most critical head-waiter could suggest. The dishes were groaning with hams, tongues, and tinned meat. There was also bread of various kinds; besides pickles, and—what my friend never forgot—black bottles of beer!

It was a matter of notorious report what was to follow late that night, when the throng of worshippers had departed, and the church doors would be closed. Ejecting the holy images, the priests would set themselves down round the table, to hold a profane orgie till the small hours, some of them ending in a shamefully tipsy state.

On this being recounted to me, another friend, a British gentleman of irreproachable veracity, confirmed it. He added, "I know that accusation of their drunkenness to be strictly true. A young English mechanic happened to be working in my house, some few years ago, and I used to enter occasionally into talk with him, as he was a clever, respectable youth, and a fellow countryman in a strange land. One day he told me a strange tale. It appeared that the week before he had been invited to one of these Santo Domingo saturnalias. His host was a priest, who was very friendly to the young foreigner, probably because the latter was a good Catholic, and also superior in his trade.

"I went, sir . . ." said the Englishman, "Yes, I went. What is more, I will confess to you, that I was *just as bad as any of them!* But I am so ashamed of myself, that I have been miserable ever since."

After this, it seems a small thing to make mention of a curious sight which can be yearly seen, passing that big decaying cathedral, which has seen so many murders of presidents and rulers, and the towers of which are riddled by so many bullet-holes.

This is the spectacle of Zacchæus on Palm Sunday. Why the priests found anything funny in the story of Zacchæus, as told in the gospel of St. Luke, it were difficult to say. But wishing to provide amusement for their sightseers

with laughter at seeing him attired in a foxhunter's pink coat, topboots and spurs. Another, even the foreign gringos were diverted by the sight of Zacchæus as a British tourist, in a startling plaid tweed suit and knickerbockers, sun helmet, and race glasses.

So far as I know, the blasphemous exhibition of the "holy dice" no longer disgraces Lima. But, at the beginning of this century, Stevenson, the English traveller, saw, and was obliged to kiss these, in deference to popular prejudice.



LIMA CATHEDRAL

on this great *fiesta*, they tickle them to mirth with the caricature of the chief publican, who wishing to see Jesus pass by, and being little of stature climbed into a sycamore tree.

As the various sacred images are borne by, that of Zacchæus is always greeted with roars of mirth. The little figure is represented in a little tree, and is dressed each year in some costume more ridiculous than the last, as clerical waggishness may dictate. This is often British. One year the spectators shouted

Incredible though it may seem, the following tale used to be told about the pretended relics, by the priests in Peru to their Catholic believers.

Santa Rosa, of Lima, the beautiful girl-saint, who is the ardently worshipped patroness of her native town, used to exhaust her strength by her long devotions and religious exercises. Several times on these occasions, the figure of Christ used to appear to her and say, "Come, my child, you are worn out with too much prayer and

fasting. Now, to enliven you, *we will play a game of dice together!*" In proof of which monstrous tale, two dice were displayed to the gaping populace on great *fiestas* as objects of special adoration.

In comparison with this and similar fables, one is inclined to prefer the poetical Peruvian legend concerning the origin of their tribes. According to a Spanish writer, Estrada ("De Valparaiso a la Oroya") an Indian legend tells that a thunder-bolt falling from the sky into a spring of water in a cave near the hill of Raco, was the germ of life on earth. Then came a ray of light, which showed man the way to the upper earth and the day. The same writer adds another legend, that Peru was first peopled by bearded strangers. Lastly, he declares, on the hearsay evidence of

others, that the original inhabitants of Peru may have made their way thither from China, for the following reason:—It is affirmed by these Peruvian historians that the townsfolk of Eten on the coast, who have preserved their original language, can arrive so quickly at a mutual understanding with newly-landed Chinese immigrants that no interpreters are needed between them.

Be this as it may, we may well give some pitying sympathy to the outcast and forgotten children of the sun-god. Poor faithful Indian hearts, still yearning for a long-vanished dynasty, the wise stranger princes who made of their tribes a civilised nation with laws, religion, and a benevolent government! How many more years will they still pray to the sun daily and nightly, and await the return of their Inca?



A Night on a Chinese Junk

WRITTEN BY PERCY CROSS STANDING

HERE are few more unpleasant situations than for an unarmed, unprotected European to find himself on board of a Chinese junk on a tropic ocean, especially when said junk is manned by a horde of Celestials of the lowest type of Buddhistic brutality. This was my own experience on a day and a night in the August of 1893, when a state of more or less active warfare prevailed between France and Siam, and when I was working as a journalist in that "Venice of the Far East," Bangkok.

In the Gulf of Siam, about forty miles south of the entrance to the Meinam River, lies the aforementioned island of Koh-si-Chang. It is a veritable "island of dreams," and, in addition to its natural beauties, boasts a climate that is absolutely salubrious when compared with the pestiferous conditions which one encounters immediately after entering Siam proper. Communication between Koh-si-Chang and the capital is maintained, and maintained very irregularly by one small river steamer; and, as may readily be imagined, this meagre and inadequate means of communication became doubly so under stress of war pressure. So I found, to my cost, when compelled to commit myself to the tender mercies of a junk and a junk's crew of villainous-looking coolies, who, I was informed in advance, *might* manage the voyage of forty miles in twenty-four hours, and might not!

It was fast coming on to night—how rapidly the night closes in in those latitudes!—when, in great tribulation of mind, I went aboard the junk and endeavoured to say "good evening" to her ruffianly-looking skipper. This

task, I may say at once, I did not accomplish, my stock-Chinese being confined to a few choice swear-words, which I had arduously committed to memory with the laudable object of carrying on conversation with recalcitrant and refractory "boys" (it is highly amusing, that Oriental term "boy," though not, perhaps, much more so than the *garçon* of comparative civilisation). If we were moving through the water at all, it was decidedly not observable; occasionally, as we proceeded, the heavy mat-sails would flap gently against the junk's rude masts, but so gently as scarcely to suggest that a breath of breeze was stirring.

By the light of the tropical moon I proceeded to "take stock" of my companions. There were perhaps forty of them, all of the ruder sex—for your Chinaman, when abroad, takes particular care not to burden himself with his woman-kind. The coolie is notoriously the most criminal type of Chinese, and the personal appearance of my fellow *voyageurs* was not, generally speaking, calculated to inspire one with confidence. They killed time in various ways. There was a little opium-smoking—that of course—some disputing, some "singing" (?), and a good deal of gambling with the rude currency known as cowrie-shells. Occasionally, one of the younger members would twang upon a musical instrument of the kind that can be heard but cannot be described. They all adopted the favourite squatting attitude of their nation, with queues twisted tightly round their heads, and almond eyes shining bright but fearful in that weird moonlight. Sometimes the gamblers would wrangle, to be rebuked, with a fluency of jargon

that was fairly bewildering, by the one in authority. Many a glance, furtive and otherwise, was flung in my direction, the inquisitive ones evidently wishful to know my "reason to be" in their midst, the contemptuous ones viewing me with that indescribable air of superiority which, in the Celestial, is as irritating as it is difficult to analyse.

Anon came the lighting of the "joss-sticks." This ceremony consists in the lighting of small sticks placed at regular intervals around the bulwarks, and intended to symbolise—and to plead for—"a fair wind and a safe voyage." Once alight, these shone like little glow-worms, smouldering slowly, and, from their preparation, emitting a pleasantly aromatic odour that mingled gently with the scent of spices that came off the receding land. Previously, the only artificial light afforded us had been that of one rude swing-lamp, such as was probably current in the China of five hundred years ago. And now came the serious business of eating! Most of the fellows retired to their evil-smelling deckhouse, their polished bodies shining a queer reddish-brown (for, of course, their only garment was the popular coolie waist-cloth), and there mixed the quaintly barbarous compound of rice and fish, which is the be-all and end-all of the beautiful and enlightened Celestial's gastronomic requirements. Then they emerged again, and fell to assailing the mess of rice, rudely made curry, and fish with a relish which would baffle the finest pens and paper to reproduce in facsimile.

They are a queer crowd, these coolies, whether on land or sea. Cunning as foxes and cowardly as wolves, they resemble the pariah dogs of their own cities in point of inability to hunt any prey save in packs. I heard of an instance where a gang of them, employed as navvies in the cutting of a railway, bashed their overseer with shovels and fled into the bush. Nobody was ever hanged for the crime, because some forty of them were in it—and that would have been rather a large consignment to condemn, even in the Far East, where human life is so cheap.

But to resume and conclude the tale of my adventurous voyage. Supper

disposed of, my captors—for such, I told myself, they surely were for the time being—proceeded to say their prayers, confirming me in a preconceived notion that the Chinese is far more assiduous at his devotions than at his ablutions. Indeed, so reverent did even these ruffians appear that I found myself calling in question that British criticism of the Chinese prayer method—

*Worship the gods as if they came,
And if they don't it's all the same.*

These men certainly appeared sincerely penitent in their prayers—for the moment—a few instants later seeing them laughing, jabbering, gesticulating, wrangling, the same as ever. But are we Westerns so very much superior in respect to *our* devotional deportment? Sleep should have been the next gratified indulgence; but sleep visited not my eyelids, as food had visited not my lips. I was bidden to make myself free of the aforementioned horrible and malodorous deckhouse; but my mind revolted at the idea, and I spent the night in company with a vast army of persistent mosquitoes, on the open deck. Even there, how intense was the heat! The Chinamen snored and snorted in keys of different strength and pitch; even the solitary look-out man nodded. The big cocoa-nut matting sails no longer flapped lazily, for the wind had dropped, until there was not a breath to relieve the hapless voyager. The only sound, save the snoring and grunting going on around poor unhappy me, was the soft lapping of the phosphorescent waves against the junk's unwieldy bulk. Would the morning *never* come?

Come it did at last, the dawn breaking in a glory such as is only possible on the Eastern seas. The joss-sticks had long ago burnt out, and the vessel moved as sluggishly as ever. Indeed, Koh-si-Chang, though astern of us, was well in sight, silent witness to the poor progress made by a junk in a light wind. Some of the crew yet snored, and I seized the opportunity to lean well over the taff-rail and drink in the delicious morning air of one of the most glorious days it has ever been my lot to see born. The sunrise was all colours, at once the most supremely lovely and the most varied,

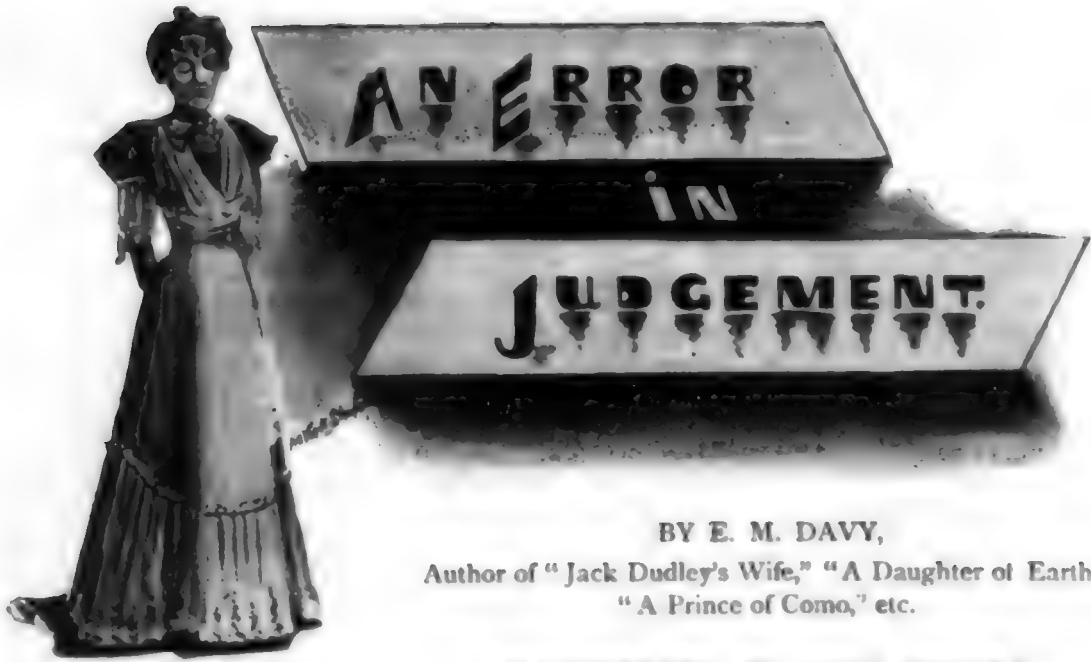
and the flying fish constantly sported and leaped from the water as the vengeful dolphin relentlessly pursued them, while the green and yellow of the slimy sea-snakes which abound in the Gulf showed up prominently as we laboriously cleft the ocean with our blunt prow.

My silent dreams of the morning's glory were rudely interrupted, alas! by the guttural tones of the indigo waist-clothed skipper demanding, in pidgin English, whether I wouldn't like some breakfast. But though I might manage to reconcile the Celestial view of the morning meal with the same ideal of supper, I could not bring myself to reconcile *either* with my own stomach or my own inclination. So I politely—and also in pidgin-English—expressed my thanks for the compliment, which, however, I begged to decline. He grinned vilely and volubly—how do you grin volubly?—but comforted me much by making me comprehend that in two or three hours we ought, with ordinary luck, to be abreast of the bar of the Meinam river, which at high tide carries thirteen feet of water. Since I was to be emancipated so soon, what cared I that those fiendish Chinamen came tumbling up from their deckhouse and went through their over-night performance of food-making before my very eyes? What cared I that they did not appear to relish my presence in their midst any more than they had during the night season?

At Páknam, by the river's mouth, the Customs officers came aboard according to rule; but of course they found no contraband, for when the Chinaman smuggles opium—as he *always* does—he takes care that it is well concealed. No contraband, that is to say, except myself; and on my making urgent representations to them, these Customs officials—good-humoured Siamese, beetle-browed and beetle-nutted—very kindly took me ashore in their boat. I have rarely enjoyed a more pleasurable emotion than that of bidding adieu to the captain of the junk, whose jabbering followers, on their part, expressed no sentiment of regret at parting from their passenger. On the contrary, they

touched their sheath-knives and murmured unintelligible nothings among themselves as I passed over the side. Páknam boasts a kind of alleged hotel, kept by natives; and here I was enabled to sit down to my first square meal for a period of something like twenty-four hours. From Páknam to the capital, a railroad (the first constructed in the Land of the White Elephant) runs through the jungle, a distance of about twenty-five miles. I went on the engine—which, judging by appearances, dated from the days of Stephenson—for the excellent reason that the driver was an Englishman. We made wretched speed, as may be imagined; and I remember my horror on discovering that this antediluvian engine was being fed with masses of valuable teak-wood. But that is typical of the Siamese “way not to do it”; rather than supply themselves with a few loads of coal from Singapore, they would apply to this use the most valuable export possessed by their country. It seemed a strange anachronism indeed, for the railroad of modernity—of *ancient* modernity, so to speak—to be rushing one through the green forest, whence bright plumaged parrakeets flew screaming on our approach, where the monkey chattered in the branches, and the wild hog revelled in his savagery. But anon Bangkok was reached, and my night on a junk was only a memory.

An unpleasing memory, though, all the same. There are a quarter of a million Chinese in Bangkok alone, and they do not appeal to one's cordial emotions—very much the contrary. And should this catch the eye of any intending visitor to the Far East, I would urge upon him the unwisdom of venturing to spend a night on a Chinese junk without so much as a revolver to defend himself with. Occasionally, a European is discovered by the marine police floating on the water with his throat cut. In such a case it is highly probable that he has been foolhardy, as I was. But different people are born to different ends, and the Chinese contempt of the European is frequently justified by facts.



BY E. M. DAVY,
 Author of "Jack Dudley's Wife," "A Daughter of Earth,"
 "A Prince of Como," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY YORK SHUTER

CHAPTER III.

HALCYON DAYS.

"IF you should ever see me sombre, brooding as it were over my own thoughts, seeking solitude rather than your sweet companionship," said Nella's lover to her next day, "remember, darling, what I have already told you, and believe me I shall get over it."

Drawing her face close to his, and looking with his dark, earnest eyes steadily into hers, he added: "It is solitude that is worst for me. Nella, sweetheart, my fate lies in your hands. If you find me as I have described, for pity's sake *laugh* me out of the mood. Show me the unreasoning childishness of such conduct."

"I will obey you to the letter, Phil," was her reply. "Should I suspect even the shadow of that shadow, I will so behave to you that the demon shall be exorcised for ever. Only afford me the slightest occasion, sir, and you will see!"

How gloriously beautiful were those days of early autumn at Gulcotes! On every one of them Philip Lorraine visited his bride-elect, and seemed almost as light-hearted and as gay as she. He

rarely mentioned business matters; for indeed they had agreed that he should not do so. Thus, in the happiest of love-dreams the fortnight of their engagement was gliding rapidly away.

Occasionally, Philip went down by an early train in the morning and was able to spend the entire day; but, more frequently, he arrived in the evening, returning to Oldcastle by the last train at night.

What a different Philip he was, compared with the reserved, quiet man Nella had first known! Not only the expression of his face seemed changed, but the very sound of his voice had a heartier ring in it; every movement of his body betokened a nature more on the alert.

The last day but one before that fixed for the marriage arrived.

On Saturday the 25th of September, Philip came quite early. They walked on the sands, lunched, and then Nella, with some pride showed him her huge "overland mail" ready packed for the voyage. The white letters N. L. on it caught his eye, and he remarked:

"My own belongings are all marked P. L. I never see the necessity for travellers going about the world labelled with their own names and addresses

simply to satisfy the idle curiosity of their fellow-voyagers. Initials are quite sufficient for identifying purposes."

"I agree with you, Phil," was Nella's answer, "especially in the case of—a wedding. Do let us try to look as though we had been married for years. Why, surely, surely you are not going?" she asked in dismay. "It is not yet two o'clock, and I promised we should both be at the vicarage this evening."

"I am afraid, dearest, that will be impossible," he said regretfully. "I am obliged to be in Oldcastle at three; I could tell you why and explain all about it, only——"

"It would be such a waste of time, Phil, dear. Besides, I have decreed—and is not my law like those of the Medes and Persians, which alter not—that every business thought is to be laid aside when you are with me? At what hour may I expect you to-morrow?"

"I shall come in the morning, certainly, and stay all day, unless——"

"Oh, you can't transact business on Sunday, Phil?"

"No. Surely the Fates will be kind to me to-morrow."

She left the room singing, dressed quickly, and went with him to the station.

"Till to-morrow, Phil," she said as the train moved off.

"Till to-morrow," he echoed, "and after that—for ever!"

He leaned from the window, a radiant smile illumining his face.

She watched the train until it was out of sight, then walked leisurely homewards. Arrived there she thought it an excellent opportunity to have a talk with Griffiths, and occupied a good part of the afternoon in doing so.

Griffiths had required little persuasion to induce her to go to India. It was not likely that she would allow "her bairn," as she persistently called Nella, to go to that dreadful country without her; and Nella was pleased to see she had apparently taken to Philip as well as she could reasonably expect her to take to anyone in a like position.

They were to be married on Monday morning and proceed at once to London, Griffiths following next day with

the bulk of the luggage; two whole days would thus be spent in London; on the third—Thursday the 30th—they must proceed to Southampton, to be on board the—— that night.

After talking over everything with her dear old Griff, Nella went to spend the evening at the vicarage. Much disappointment was expressed on seeing her arrive alone. It was Dora's doing, altogether, that on this occasion no one else had been invited. Dora was given to having "ideas," and carrying them out to the letter. She intended that they should form a little party of four, and the result would have been—after tea—a little talk, some music, and a rubber at whist. The vicar was a true lover of the game on its own merits, and never played for money. No matter how tired he might be on sitting down to play, he asserted that it always did him good, and cleared his brain.

"To-night we were to have had our final rubber, Miss Nella," he said, "and I own your Philip has disappointed me greatly."

Anxious to defend the absent, Nella answered quickly: "I am sure Philip will be very sorry, and flattered. He is not a good player, Canon—you yourself have said so."

"My dear Miss Elliot, next to a good player, I confess I like a bad one, especially if the latter is a person in whom I am interested. Now, allow me to tell you that Philip Lorraine's play amuses me infinitely. At first, I failed to understand it—it was so odd. But now it is so clear that I read his character thereby. As a partner he is inexpressibly disappointing. He invariably begins well. I have even seen him—though very rarely—play an excellent game to the finish; but, if he once makes the slightest mistake—which even a good player may be allowed to do on occasion—it is all up with him; he can never recover himself, but plays as wildly as any child. It is exasperating and ludicrous at the same time. He is quite aware of the failing. I've watched that ultra-sensitive face of his turn pale with vexation and mortification at the slightest error; and the result is invariably what I have stated. Don't you know? Have you not observed it yourself?"

"Not in the way you describe. It takes me all my time to play my own cards."

"You play fairly well for a woman—so does my wife."

"And Philip plays well enough for me. Life is not like a game of whist."

speaking—flings away his cards at the first mischance."

The Vicar's argument was becoming too serious to please Nella. What could it matter if Philip played bad whist?

"My dear Canon," she exclaimed, "when am I to congratulate you on becoming 'my Lord'?"



"THEY WALKED ON THE SANDS"

"There I disagree with you, Miss Elliot. To my thinking, life bears a very strong resemblance to it. If a man desires to get on in the world, he will find that by exercising a certain mathematical precision in his affairs he must be a winner in the end; but, certainly not if he—metaphorically

"Miss Nella," he answered, with a merry twinkle in his eyes, "your own words render a reply almost superfluous: a ladder can only be mounted by the steps. One month ago, I was not—a canon; nor two years ago—a vicar. Need I go on?"

"No, my Lord Bishop elect!" she

laughed. "Waste no more pearly metaphors on me. But tell me this: how is it that a man whose mind does not work with the mathematical precision requisite to succeed at whist should manage to get a lucrative post in India?"

"There is such a thing as luck," he answered drily.

Here, Dora laughingly struck in, "And somebody wouldn't have been going to share that luck if I hadn't put my pretty fingers in the pie? But now you and my husband have had talking enough. I want music. Do, to-night, sing something touching—something that will linger in our ears, dear, when you are gone. Let us all be sentimental, and poetic, and dreamy, like your Philip. I feel as though I should dearly love to have a good cry."

So Nella sang doleful songs to please Dora, then gayer ones for the Canon's delectation, and was beginning to think of going home when a servant announced that Griffiths had come, at the same time handing Nella a telegram which Griffiths had brought.

Guessing instantly who had sent it, she tore it open with anxious haste and read:

"Detained by very important business all to-morrow. Cannot be at Gulcotes before Monday morning. Will be in church at eight o'clock."

She read also in the telegram that it had been sent out from the head office at Oldcastle at 9.45 p.m.

"I am so glad!" cried Dora, embracing her friend rapturously. "We shall have you the whole of to-morrow to ourselves!"

"Ask the Canon if I may swear!" said Nella in a whisper.

This telegram was the first little cloud which rose on the hitherto unflecked azure of Nella's horizon.

CHAPTER IV.

THE WEDDING DAY.

ON Monday King Sol rose from a veil of mist, and shot great shafts of flame across the sea.

Nella awoke at dawn, saw the fishing boats return, watched with keenest interest the glittering silvery herrings

taken from the nets and packed in carts, and casks, and women's creels.

There is usually a touch of sadness in the thought that one is doing anything "for the last time." But this was not Nella Elliot's experience. She entertained no fears for the future. It did not appear possible that her life could be other than a happy one. She was going to an unknown and distant country? True. But her companion was the only man she had ever loved—the one man in the world to her. In addition to her love for him she gloried in the belief that she held this man's happiness in her hand. She likened herself to the queen in the fairy-tale, whose smiles could ensure perpetual sunshine for her kingdom. It is a great thing to have faith in oneself; but a greater still to be able to retain that faith. How it fared with her in this matter, time and events will show.

At eight o'clock Nella Elliot, dressed in travelling costume, entered the church on Canon Scroley's arm, carrying a magnificent "shower" bouquet sent by George Waldy from Covent Garden. A neighbouring clergyman was to officiate, so that the vicar, by Dora's desire, should give the bride away.

The morning had become overcast and gloomy. The church looked full of people, and also full of fog.

One hurried glance as Nella was being led towards the altar rails satisfied her that Philip was already there. She took her place beside him, and the service immediately began.

During the first portion of it she kept her eyes bent on the ground; it was not until the ring was actually being placed on her finger that she looked into Philip's face, and then stared, bewildered, and quite unable to restrain a smile of amusement at the change she saw in him.

Her first thought was—Am I being married to the wrong man? Her next—Who would have supposed that the mere absence of a moustache could so completely alter the expression of the human countenance? For one brief moment it is quite certain she entirely forgot the solemnity of the occasion in her surprise.

Afterwards, in the vestry, Dora, with her usual vivaciousness called attention to Philip's altered appearance: "I

wonder, Mr. Lorraine, you *dares* take such liberties with yourself," she laughed. "Were I Nella, I'd disown you on the spot. What right had you to tamper with your lovely moustache? Why did you do away with it?"

"Am I bound to answer, sir?" Philip asked very quietly, turning to the Canon.

"By no means," replied the latter, looking at Nella with his pleasant bland smile. "Had Mrs. Philip Lorraine made a similar request——"

Nella, knowing that Philip's sensitive nature would be hurt by the observations made—although he had sufficient control over himself to conceal the fact—obeyed her first natural instinct by taking his part.

"You shall not find fault with——my husband," she said to Dora, "for whatever he does is to please—*me*." And the silent language of Philip's eyes thanked her with an earnestness and fervour that her own lightly-spoken words scarcely seemed to merit.

It is needless to linger over the partings that ensued at the station. Dora, amid wild embracings, extorted a promise that Nella would write to her both from London and Southampton; and the Vicar, in fatherly fashion, kissed the bride, wishing her "God speed," and the train moved off, leaving the little group upon the platform waving last farewells.

The compartment in which the Lorraines found themselves was an empty one, and Philip, drawing Nella towards him, asked, with a manner half shy, half sad, "Do you mind?" evidently in reference to that hirsute appendage which already had been more discussed than there seemed occasion for.

"Mind? You dear absurd boy!" she answered, looking at him critically. "Don't you know 'Love is not love which alters when it alteration finds?' See," she continued, disengaging her hands and pushing back the brown tangle from her forehead, "would you love me less if you saw me so?"

He did not immediately reply, and with his eyes fixed on her seemed lost in thought.

"Answer truly, Phil. Are men's hearts won and lost by a few stray curls?" she laughed.

"God knows!" he answered, speaking very seriously. "But your little act, dear, has shown me that you have a broader brow——"

"Than you gave me credit for, perhaps?"

"Yes; and it has set me thinking."

"Thinking? Well?"

"That perhaps some day, when I need counsel, I will come to you."

"If you do so to save a lawyer's fee, you will do wrong. I know nothing of legal matters; but I have a mind that, I believe, can take a practical, common sense view of any subject, and therefore, possibly, it may be of service to you. Yours, dear, has a more romantic, poetical tendency. I soon discovered you were a dreamer! And is not this quite right, and best for both of us?" she went on, pressing his hand caressingly against her cheek. "How terrible to be bound for life to a mere counterpart of one's own self! How very soon one would grow tired of that other self! I have thought it all out seriously, and, believe me, there is a much better chance of happiness by marrying your opposite. Prove my words, Phil, by answering me one question: Do you love me any less for holding these very matter-of-fact views?"

"Less? Ten thousand times more, if that were possible."

"Phil," she said playfully, "it strikes me that some of the light-heartedness I flattered myself I was transmitting to you has suddenly evaporated. Let me sing to you. There will just be time to croon the little song that made me laugh as a baby, and has power to charm dull care away even now that I am a woman." And laying her head on his shoulder, she sang:

"Jog on, jog on, the footpath way,
And merrily hent the stile—a;
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile—a."

At the conclusion she looked up laughingly in his face.

Good heavens! Instead of bringing smiles to his lips, had she caused tears to spring to her loved one's eyes? Or, was she dreaming?

Surely it was but fancy that had played her false; for the next moment

he sang the last two lines apparently as blithely as she had sung them.

As he finished, the train arrived at Oldcastle Station, and they took their tickets for the ten o'clock London express, which was ready to start.

The first-class compartment they entered had one occupant. Two long legs clad in broad striped grey material, terminating in a pair of patent leather shoes, were extended across to the opposite seat; the rest of the individual hidden behind a newspaper.

"By your leave, sir," said the porter who had opened the door, when immediately the barrier was withdrawn to be replaced the moment they had passed to their seats.

Conversation of a private nature not seeming desirable, Nella amused herself by speculating what manner of man might be hidden behind that printed broadsheet. When they reached Durham her curiosity was gratified by the object of it starting forward, flinging down the window, and calling out authoritatively:

"How long here?"

"Two minutes," was the reply.

He immediately began to talk to Philip, who, always reticent with strangers, responded only in monosyllables. He then resumed his old attitude, this time apparently settling himself to sleep, and Nella saw then that he was a man of between fifty and sixty years of age; that he had a pleasant, weather-beaten face, short pointed grey beard, and closely-cropped grey hair.

At York they alighted, but Nella declined going to the refreshment room and remained standing by the bookstall, while Philip went, as he said, to forage for both. Turning somewhat suddenly from her apparent contemplation of the books, she almost came into collision with her fellow-traveller.

"I beg your pardon, madam," he said, politely raising his hat. "I was speculating what you would buy—wondering if you prefer trash to truth."

He spoke with a pleasant smile, and sufficient accent to prove him—what she had already suspected him to be—an American. Satisfied on this point she did not resent his speaking to her as she might had he been English.

"Is this trash?" she asked, indicating some volumes in front of her, but looking with more interest into the scarred and deeply-lined face which evidently had a story of its own.

"If it isn't truth, it's trash, you bet! Why read blood-curdling fiction when you can have fact for the same money, or less? Look there," he said, pointing to a conspicuous white placard, whereon large black letters announced the latest news. "Can any novel hold out such promises as these: 'Horrible discovery. A young lady supposed to have been murdered in a railway carriage. The murderer at large.' Read the account of that now. It's brought right down to date. Next instalment to-morrow, and so on, till the murderer's tracked, tried, and roped. Guess they'll have him in a twinkling, so as that sensation won't last us long. Ever read De Quincey's 'Murder Considered as one of the Fine Arts?'"

"I have not," she answered, looking at the speaker with growing interest.

"It's a slap up smart thing—might have been written by a Yankee, and made an indelible impression on my mind when I was a youngster. I concluded to study murder then, and when I want a little recreation I study it now. Nothing's better calculated to take one out of oneself than to enter heart and soul into a downright atrocious murder case. That's so. Ha, the London papers! Now for further particulars."

So speaking, he turned to select some from a pile that had newly been placed upon the stall.

At that moment Philip appeared with a basket of fruit and flowers; they returned to the train, and, as it happened, Nella took a different seat this time—that opposite Philip. Thus placed she could not but be struck by her husband's appearance.

It was not altogether the absence of the moustache that had so materially altered him; she saw now only too plainly that he was looking harassed, worried, ill. The anxieties and responsibilities of the last few weeks without doubt had been too much for him. Thank heaven, all that was ended now, and in a couple of days they would be upon the sea.

Their fellow-traveller came back laden with newspapers. As soon as the train was again in motion, he handed one to Mrs. Lorraine, saying :

"It's all there, in that edition. I'm providing Madam with some interesting literature," he remarked, smiling across at Philip.

"Thank you. I hope you will find this murder case as thrilling as you anticipate," Nella said, thinking if she could only get him to hold forth again on what was evidently a favourite topic it would amuse and interest Philip as well as herself.

"Thrilling! I'm real certain it's just going to prove the biggest mental diver-

sion I've had the luck to come across for years. I'll learn, too, how these things are managed over here."

"Don't read in the train, please, dear," said Philip.

"Oh, it does not hurt me. I always read when travelling alone."

"Nella, I ask you not." And taking the paper gently, but firmly from her hand, he returned it with a few words of thanks to the American.

How absurd of Philip! What could have come over him? wondered Nella. She felt the eyes of that American looking them through and through with all the 'cuteness accredited to his countrymen. If he imagined they were on the



"IT'S A SLAP-UP SMART THING"

verge of their first matrimonial quarrel, however, he did his best to avert it by saying promptly :

"As your husband objects to your reading on the cars, guess I'll tell you the whole narration, and that won't damage your eyesight, anyhow. Saturday night, when the late train from the North reached London, a young woman was found dead in a first-class car—dead, under most suspicious circumstances. The murderer——"

"Pardon me," interrupted Philip, "I have seen some account of this most sad affair. Why assume that it was a murder? You cannot know it."

"I do not know it, but I can form an opinion, like everybody else. Allow me to continue for Madam's benefit. The supposed murderer——" he said, with a smiling bow to Philip.

"I scarcely think this subject can be of any great interest to a lady," observed Philip.

"I own to a little curiosity——"

"With the gentleman's leave, then," resumed the American, apparently with difficulty restraining his laughter.

"But you have not my leave. On the contrary, I request you will not again refer to this most unpleasant subject before—my wife."

"All right, stranger."

What a contrast between these two men! thought Nella. Philip was showing himself more reserved and unapproachable than she had ever known him; and it did seem to her that he was carrying fastidious sensitiveness a little too far.

As to their companion, she began wondering if he were an American at all. He spoke more like the typical Yankee than any of the best Americans she had met, which suggested the idea that possibly he was acting a part.

Thenceforward the journey was a silent one.

At Grantham there seemed likely to be an addition to their party. The door of the compartment was opened and several persons looked in, but eventually passed on, presumably to another carriage.

Punctual as to time the train thundered into King's Cross Station. The afternoon had been unusually dark and

gloomy; London fog seemed setting in; some lamps were already lighted.

The American collected his papers and placed them in his travelling bag. While so doing Nella saw a name and address thereon in conspicuously large lettering:

MAJOR HAMILTON HIGGINS,
U.S.A.

Charing Cross Hotel.

"Luggage, sir?" asked a porter, as Philip assisted Nella to alight.

"Yes. Wait here, dear, while I see to it," and Philip went off in the direction of the luggage van.

Moments lengthened into minutes, and every minute the crowd grew less; cabs and "growlers" close by where Mrs. Lorraine was standing, all heavily-laden, drove away in turn, and she was beginning to find herself almost isolated when at length she saw three persons moving quickly towards her. The middle one was Philip. When they drew near enough for her to discern their faces she could see that her husband's wore a peculiarly anxious expression, and even noticed a nervous twitching of the lips, though in spite of this he tried to smile.

"I cannot go with you," he said in a low voice, but quite loud enough to reach his companions, who, though they had fallen back remained quite close behind him. "Unfortunately, business will detain me for perhaps an hour. This—this—person," indicating one of the men, "will accompany you to Charing Cross Hotel, where I wired for rooms this morning."

How sad, how utterly dejected he looks, my poor Philip! thought Nella. Never, never can he require cheering more than now!

"Tiresome business!" she said. "Well I suppose it can't be helped. Only an hour, did you say?"

And those two men heard every word! They had none of the natural instincts of gentlemen or surely they would have moved further off. They merely averted their eyes, while the peculiar stolidity on the countenance of the one seemed to reflect itself on that of the other.

"An hour at the most," answered Philip confidently.

He gave her hand almost a convulsive pressure ere letting it go when she had entered the four-wheeler on which the luggage had been already placed. She smiled and waved to him as he turned away with his companion; the other man mounted the box beside the driver, and thus was Nella taken to her destination.

CHAPTER V.

A DESERTED BRIDE.

ON reaching Charing Cross Hotel, the man whom Philip had sent with Nella on the cab only waited to see the luggage in and to know the number of the rooms—she saw him enter this in his pocket-book—then, without speaking a word to her, he departed.

Of course it was most annoying that Philip should be called away at this precise moment, but the affair had also its comic side. Here was a bride only married that morning doomed to arrive husbandless at an hotel! Some women, probably, would have wept; but the strangeness of the situation struck Nella as so irresistibly funny that she felt more inclined to laugh. Tripping gaily up the staircase, disdaining the use of the lift, she was shown into a charming sitting room, where the electric light was already shining on a small round, flower-decked table with covers laid for two.

"Dinner was ordered for half-past six, Madam," said the waiter.

Nella requested it might be kept back an hour later.

Next came a chambermaid to show her to the bedroom. The luggage was brought in, unstrapped, and Nella prepared to dress for dinner for the first time as a bride.

She pulled out the pretty things she had arranged to wear. After all, was it such a misfortune that he had been called away? It gave her more time—more time to efface the dust of the journey, to wash, let down her hair and dress it carefully; to don the dainty tea gown—one that Philip had never seen—of pale blue brocade and lace, with long, loose sleeves that left the arms bare—quite a picture gown, in fact. There are men who never seem to care what a

woman wears. Philip Lorraine was not one of these. He noticed everything, even to the texture of a bit of lace. Nella's thoughts were all of him while dressing and clasping round her throat the pearls he admired, and ruffling up the curly hair he loved. And then it wanted but a few minutes of the time her husband should arrive; giving one not altogether unsatisfactory last glance at herself, she went through into the flower-scented sitting-room.

There, throwing herself upon a couch, she fell into a kind of waking dream, so that it quite surprised her when the waiter presently reappeared with dinner, and she told him to take it away again until she rang.

By-and-bye she had a restless fit, and rose and wandered about the room. There were plants in the fireplace and on the tables, besides cut flowers, which gave out an almost overpowering perfume. And, knowing as well as if he had told her these were all placed there by Philip's orders, she fluttered, butterfly-like, from flower to flower, raising the blossoms, touching them tenderly, even whispering words to them, for they seemed to speak to her of Philip's love.

How fast that little clock kept ticking on the mantel-piece—yet how slowly the hands moved. It was ~~two~~ hours now, but the last hour, surely, had seemed very long?

She blushed at her impatience. He *must* be here directly. She went to the glass behind the timepiece to see if that blush had left her face. From this little act of feminine weakness she was startled by a knock at the door, and a man entered whom she easily recognised as the same who had come on the cab from the station; and for the second time that day she pitied Philip for having adopted a profession which brought him into contact with such exceedingly unpleasant people.

The intruder's countenance wore what was, seemingly, its habitually stolid expression.

"Have you any message for me?" she asked.

"A note."

He strode forward to where she was standing by the mantel-piece and handed

her a folded slip of paper on which these words were scrawled in pencil :—

"DEAREST,—This tiresome affair cannot be arranged as quickly as I expected. Please send my portmanteau by bearer, who has my full instructions. No fear but I will come as soon as possible. God bless you !

"P. L."

In spite of Philip's apparent confidence in this man Nella felt an unconquerable prejudice against him. He

"Yes. I am to take it to him."

"Where?"

"I can tell no more than is written in your note."

Opening the door into the bedroom, Nella said haughtily: "There is the portmanteau."

He drew it forward so that the light fell on it, and seemed searching for some label or direction.

"P. L." he said to himself dubiously.



"SHE FELL INTO A KIND OF WAKING DREAM"

might be made of wood, or stone, or adamant, for any human feeling he seemed possessed of. She shrank from asking him a single question that her heart dictated. She longed to enquire if it were probable her husband would be detained all night, but courage failed her; instead, she asked coldly,

"You know the purport of this note?"

"I do."

"My husband requires his portmanteau?"

Then looking from it to Nella, "What may that stand for?"

"My husband's name."

"And that is —?"

She did not answer. The presence of this man for some indefinable reason was becoming intolerable to her. He lifted the portmanteau with ease and alacrity, said "Good night, m'm," and vanished.

She breathed more freely when he was gone, but felt faint and dispirited;

this might probably be for want of food. She rang for dinner, made a tolerably good meal, after which her spirits rose and she began to wonder what had depressed them. She believed herself now ready to welcome Philip with smiles and gladness, no matter how late that horrid business might detain him.

Suddenly it occurred to her to endeavour to beguile the time by reading the account of the railway murder spoken of by their fellow traveller, and when the waiter came to clear away she asked him to bring a London paper.

"This is the latest evening edition," he said, placing it on a table by her side.

Here was an excellent opportunity, indeed, for testing an American cousin's advice. He had said: "There is nothing better calculated to take one out of oneself than to enter heart and soul into a downright atrocious murder case. That's so!"

Nella smiled as she imitated his intonation; she broke into a little laugh as she unfolded the paper; was this unnatural? Remember she was going to read the account of the tragedy merely for diversion—as one would read a novel or play for the same reason—scarcely thinking of it as real or that the persons concerned in it were flesh and blood.

That which she sought was easy enough to find. It occupied a conspicuous place; the heading in extra large type seeming to indicate it was the most important topic of the day.

In conformity with a certain up-to-date style of novel writing, the whole newspaper account should be here transcribed, as, however, this would occupy too much space the journalistic report may be condensed as follows:—

When the last train from the North reached London on Saturday night, a lady was found in a first-class carriage, dead. On examining the compartment there seemed abundant evidence of a struggle having taken place. A doctor—a surgeon from one of the London hospitals—who happened to be on the spot, gave it as his opinion that death was caused by strangulation. That robbery had been the incentive to the terrible crime seemed apparent from the fact that a sovereign and some silver were scattered on the floor; also there

was a broken watch-chain from which the watch appeared to have been violently wrenched. So far, no clue had been discovered to the unfortunate victim's identity. She was not more than sixteen years of age, good looking—her personal appearance and dress being minutely described. An inquest would be held on Tuesday morning. Later intelligence stated that the police believed themselves on the track of the dastardly perpetrator of the crime; and the latest news recorded that a man had been arrested on suspicion. The account continued:—"He is of gentlemanly appearance, but refuses to give his name or to answer any questions put to him, further than to say that he is innocent. He will pass the night in the police cells under the watchful eyes of two policemen, and will be brought up for examination at King's Street police-station to-morrow morning."

For some time after reading this Nella sat quite still trying to picture the poor murdered girl, the grief and horror of her friends, and to wonder what spirit of evil could have tempted this "man of gentlemanly appearance" to commit robbery and murder. Of course he was in some way guilty, or why conceal his name? But think of it how she would Nella's attention was not riveted. The affair, terrible as it undoubtedly was, somehow did not affect or interest her. The result predicted by the American did not take place.

There was a piano in the room. Flinging down the paper she went and opened it, and after lightly running her fingers over the keys she began to sing, in hopes thus to charm away the "eerie" feeling that was gradually taking hold of her. But no, it would not do. Her voice was tremulous, the notes played had no melody in them.

The little clock over the mantelpiece still ticked steadily on. She raised her eyes to look at the hands and saw that it was past midnight.

Then, recalling with a pang her own forlorn condition—that of a deserted bride—she could bear up no longer, but laying her arms across the keys she hid her face in them and burst into tears.

It had been a strange wedding day indeed, but it was ended.

(To be continued.)

The National Post Bag

WRITTEN BY HAROLD MACFARLANE. ILLUSTRATED BY DIAGRAMS

WITH no desire to enter upon a discussion as to whether inanimate objects have the power, in common with living creatures, though the latter possess it in a less degree, of secreting themselves at pleasure, we would merely point out that communications that are intended to pass through the post not infrequently conceal themselves while undergoing the operation in a manner calculated to baffle the most astute of detectives. Having achieved its object and remained in seclusion sufficiently long to cause annoyance, one fine day the long-lost communication comes out of its hiding place and allows the operation to be completed, whereupon the recipient writes a sarcastic letter to the papers animadverting upon the dilatoriness of the Post Office officials. Such a communication was the postal card despatched in Leicester in June, 1881, which was delivered in London in June, 1897, after taking fifteen years to travel ninety-nine miles; such was the post card posted on October 24th, 1889, and delivered on November 8th, 1897; and such the card posted at Hornsey on October 20th, 1897, and delivered in South Kensington about the second week in January, 1898. In each of these cases the address was perfectly legible and correct, and in each no explanation could be given for the delay which was, perhaps, due to the property which we have suggested all postal communica-

tions possess, but which is especially aggravated in the case of post cards by the spirit of contrariness making them naturally full of guile and deceit because artificially they are incapable of secrecy.

In place of writing facetious letters to public prints under circumstances such as the above, it would be far more to the point if each of us wrote, say every year, to express our admiration of the marvellous manner in which the Post Office carries out its gigantic task; it would provide editors with cheap copy and put dictionaries of (laudatory) synonyms at a premium. We hope in this article to give some idea of what the National Post Bag contains, and if we accomplish our object we have no doubt but that the reader will as thoroughly appreciate the labours of the particular body of the public servants to which we refer as the writer does.

According to the forty-third report of the Postmaster General, the number of letters, post cards, books and samples, and newspapers, with which the Department had to deal during the postal year was:—

Letters ...	1,893,000,000
Post Cards...	336,500,000
Books, etc....	697,900,000
Newspapers	150,600,000

In Figure 1 the respective lengths of the black columns show graphically how these numbers compare with one another. Practically twelve and a-half



FIGURE 1

letters are carried for each newspaper, four and a-half parcels by book post, and rather more than two post cards; yet, counting night and day without cessation, it would take a man, recording one newspaper a second, more than four years and nine months to reckon up the newspaper post for one year alone, and probably by that time he would be too tired to take on the letters, post cards, and books and samples, otherwise he would have a task that would occupy him for ninety-two and a-half years longer.

To show how the National Post Bag has increased since Charles II.'s

inhabitants of the United Kingdom in the days of the second Charles was not exactly exorbitant, indeed, it amounted to but one penny; in 1744 it increased to sevenpence; in 1855 to 22d.; whilst in 1897, as we see from the large square in Figure 3, which is devoted to the illustration of these facts, it amounted to 72d.

Enormous though the National Post Bag is, when it is divided amongst us our individual correspondence is not calculated to overwhelm us; as a matter of fact, forty-eight letters a year is the greatest number we ever received (from 1841-1850 the annual average was but ten), whilst our daily post is absolutely fragmentary, consisting as it does of '1312 of a letter, '023 of a post card '0484 of a parcel by book post, and a mere shred of newspaper. From Figure 4 we see that each inhabitant of Great Britain and Ireland receives on an average a letter once every eight days, one post card every forty-three days, a parcel by book post every three weeks, and a newspaper practically



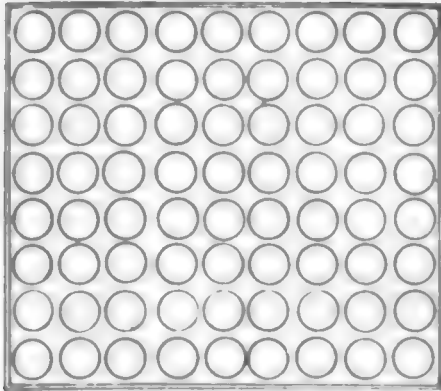
FIGURE 2

days, we have designed Figure 2, in which the large black square to the extreme left is drawn in proportion to the number of letters carried in 1897; whilst the squares to the right are respectively drawn in proportion to those carried in 1840 (on the introduction of penny postage); in 1839; at the beginning of the wars with Bonaparte; in George II.'s reign—on one occasion it is recorded the Edinburgh mail consisted of a single letter conveyed to a banker named Ramsey; and in Charles II.'s time, when the Post Office as at present constituted was founded. It is, perhaps, unnecessary to remark that the amount per head expended by the

every quarter-day. If we took the components of the United Kingdom separately, we should find that the inhabitants of England and Wales receive more communications by post than either their brethren in Scotland or of the sister isle; for instance, the Englishman and Welshman receive a weekly letter, the Scotsman a letter every nine days, whilst the man of Erin has reason to be surprised if the postman delivers a letter at shorter intervals than a fortnight.

When people address letters on the lines of the following examples, which are two authenticated cases, their communications naturally run some

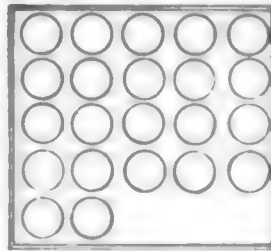
IN 1897 WE SPENT
72 PENCE EACH



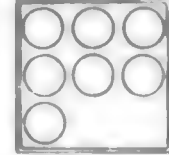
letters "which could neither be delivered to the addressees nor returned to the senders." This is the fate of one letter in about 3,780.

With regard to the size and weight of letters, the Post Office makes every allow-

IN 1835 ONLY 22 d



IN 1746 7d



IN 1663
ONE
PENNY



FIGURE 3

risk of not being delivered. A letter addressed

Wood
John
Hants.

was correctly delivered to John Underwood, Andover, Hants, whilst a letter addressed

too dad Thomas
hat the old oke
atchut
to Bary

was forthwith placed in the hands of the addressee, who lived at "The Old Oak Orchard, Tenbury."

In Figure 5 the wonderful perspicuity of the Post Office is strikingly exemplified: the area of the large shaded circle is drawn in proportion to the number of letters carried in one year, the area of the small white circle represents the number of letters received at the returned letter offices—the majority of which were either eventually delivered or returned to the senders—and the small black dot in the centre, drawn to the same scale, shows the proportion of

ance to meet the idiosyncrasies of correspondents. A man may send a *billet-doux* by inland post, of unlimited weight, as long as he pays for it, but the Post Office objects to it being more than two feet in length, one foot in width, and one foot in depth, "unless sent to or from a Government Office," in which case it is hardly likely to be a *billet-doux*. But the objection of the Post Office to a document exceeding these limits would be as nothing to that of the recipient who had to wade through it; if, however, we take the average size envelope to have the dimensions of the commercial envelope known as "large octavo in half" we find that, put end to end, the letters carried in a year by the Post Office would form a ribbon that would go six times completely round the earth at the Equator and leave 7,450 miles of letters over. In Figure 6 we see this wonderful fact graphically portrayed; the black column to the extreme right of the diagram is drawn to the same scale as the globes, and represents the remainder of 7,450 miles of letters left over. Were the same letters laid out in rows, all of which touched each other, a space almost equivalent to ten and a-



FIGURE 4

half square miles would be required before the last letter was laid down. Londoners may be interested to hear that if every inch of the 360 acres comprising Hyde Park were covered with letters, there would be eighteen and a-half layers of the same to be laid down

a number that cannot be regarded lightly. Piled up one on top of another the aforementioned post cards would reach a point eighty-eight and a-half miles above the level of Trafalgar Square. It may assist the imagination to realise this altitude if we mention that sixteen

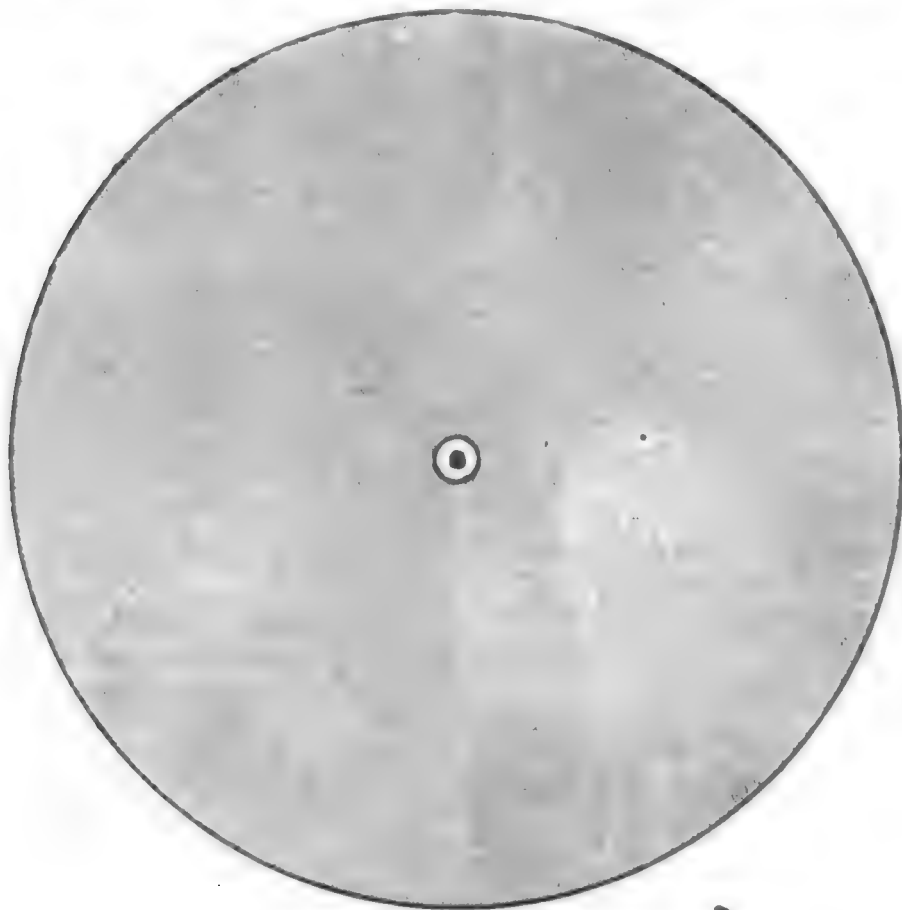


FIGURE 5

before the National Post Bag was exhausted.

In comparison with the number of letters carried, the aggregate number of post cards is almost paltry; but comparisons being proverbially odious, when we regard them by themselves, we must in all justice admit that 336½ millions is

Mount Everests, placed one on top of another, would not reach by half-a-mile a height equal to that of the post cards. If in place of piercing the heavens with the aforementioned column we broke it up into 77,894 piles, each six feet high, we could with these build a post card wall five and a-half miles long, or enclose

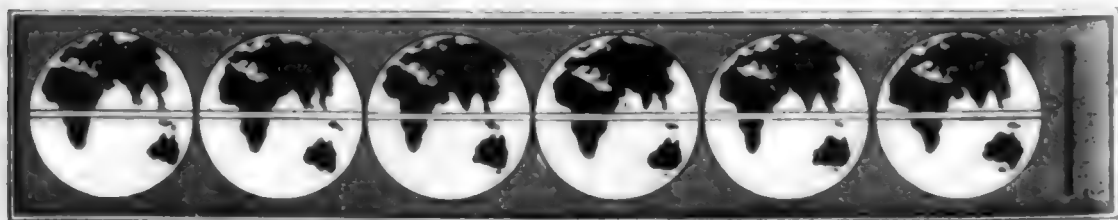


FIGURE 6

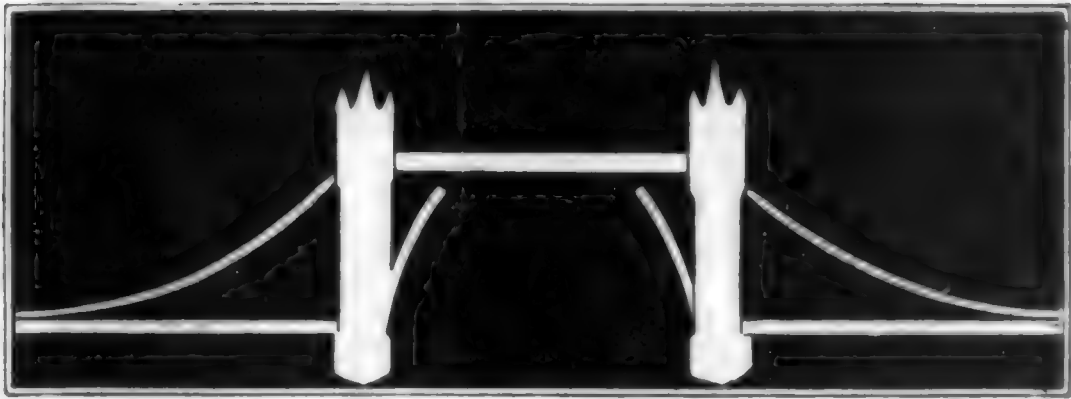


FIGURE 7

with four walls 1,224 acres of ground, which would equal the aggregate areas of Hyde Park, St. James's Park, the Green Park, Regent's Park and Kensington Gardens. In Figure 7 the post cards carried in one year are represented by the black parallelogram, which is 700 feet long and 250 feet high: the outline in white gives an idea of how the Tower Bridge would compare with the post card screen if they were placed facing one another and the latter was supported upon a raft. Finally, with these 336½

million post cards a road forty feet wide and following the usual cycling route from London to Holyhead—i.e., *via* Coventry, Tamworth and Lichfield—could be paved as far as Chester, the pavement, however, would be only one card thick and could not be recommended for durability.

Until a paternal Government presents us with the "free letter-bag" the purchase of stamps will (unless a penny-in-the-slot pillar-box does away with the stamp) continue. It is difficult to gauge

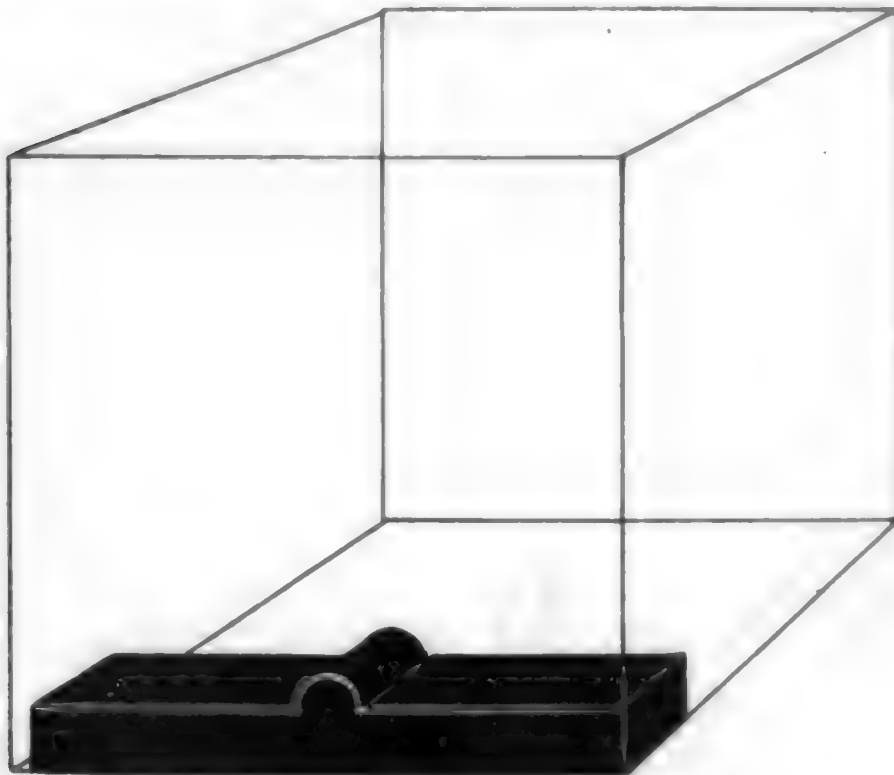


FIGURE 8

how many stamps are utilised purely for postal services, but if we allow that 98 per cent. of letters and book packages carry one stamp, and the remaining 2 per cent. two; that 40 per cent. of the post cards carried bear a halfpenny adhesive stamp, and that newspapers account for 150 million more, we arrive in round figures at the pleasant total of

2,928 millions of stamps, which would extend, if put end to end through some 43,014 miles, or they could (in theory) be made to join Liverpool and New York with fourteen and a quarter strips if they followed the ordinary steam-boat course, or perhaps in connection with "courses" it would be more appropriate to say "the ordinary course of the ocean greyhound."

In Figure 8 we have taken all the stamps at our disposal, and, having divided them into six sheets, have, by the simple expedient of damping the edges, made a huge stamp-box 1,687 feet wide, deep and high, and, for the sake of comparison we have placed in the box one regulation-sized Crystal Palace, 1,608 feet long, and have presented it with an average depth of 390 feet, which is in reality its widest dimension, as a slight compensation for its most uncrystalline appearance in our diagram. The most cursory glance reveals the fact that the palace would be simply lost in such a box—indeed, we believe that a furniture packer of quite ordinary abilities could get five palaces on the ground floor alone, and with a little coaxing he would probably work in about nine layers of palaces, or forty-five in all, before he licked down the lid. It would be difficult to give a more striking exemplification of the wonders of the postage stamp in bulk, and the ability of furniture removers than this.

Our individual annual contributions of six

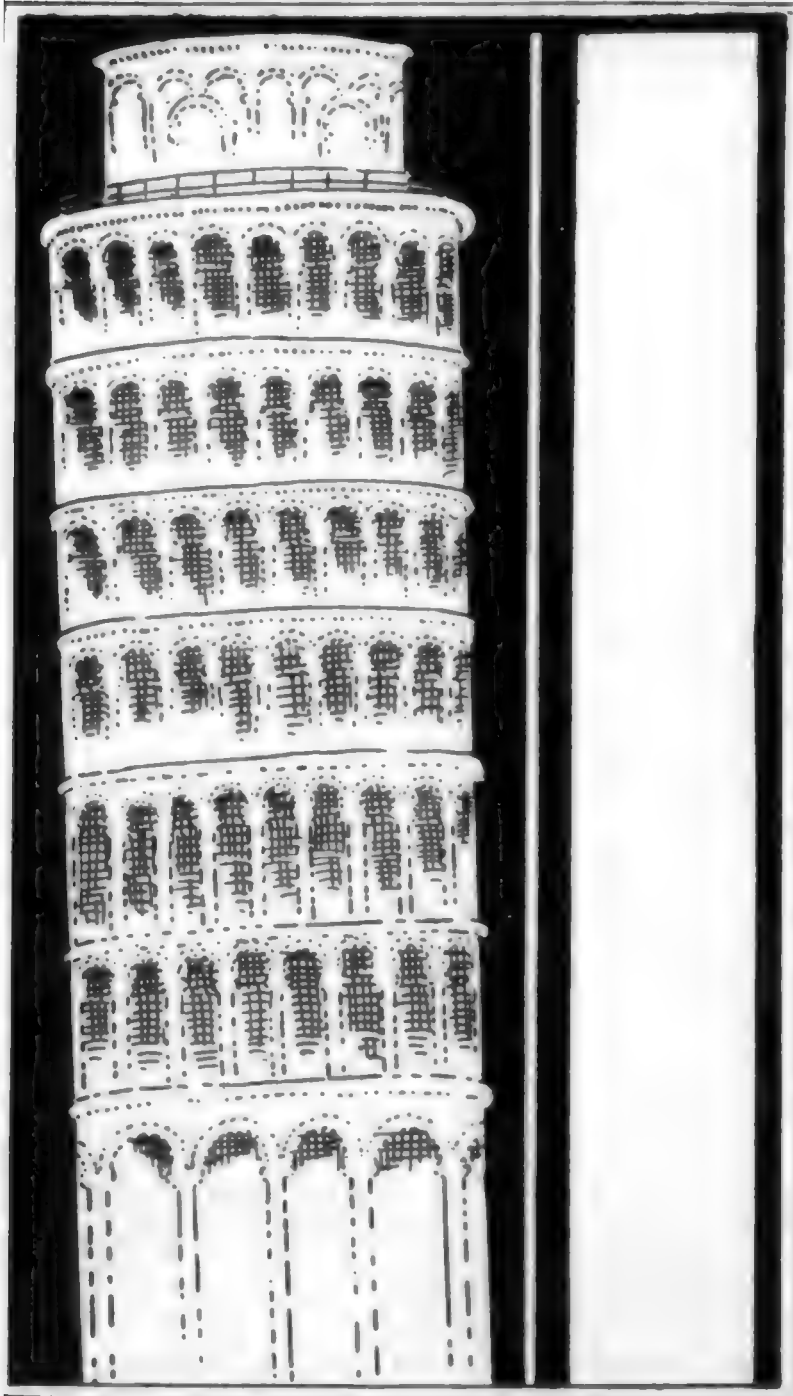


FIGURE 9

shillings apiece amount in the aggregate to £11,876,000, and it is with this aggregate that Figure 9 has to deal. To the left of the diagram we have that architectural freak known as the Leaning Tower of Pisa, rearing itself upwards 180 feet, and leaning 14 feet out of the perpendicular. To the right of it, and drawn to the same scale, we have the "Golden Post." This post, which has a diameter of one foot and seven and a-half inches, is built out of the 11,876,000 sovereigns that form the net postal receipts: to build it 343 sovereigns are taken and arranged so as to cover the area of a circle having a nineteen and a-half inch diameter, the remaining 11,875,657 sovereigns are then taken and 34,559 layers are placed upon the foundation, and the result is a post of exactly the same height as the tower, and a remainder of 21,735 sovereigns left over unused. If in place of being arranged in a circle the 343 columns 180 feet high were placed rim to rim in

a straight line, the resultant screen would be twenty-five feet across; this is shown to the right of the "Golden Post."

The specific gravity of gold being, with the exception of platinum, considerably more than that of most metals, it follows that the "Golden Post" is a very weighty object, indeed, it amounts to more than the total weight of sufficient suits of brass armour such as was worn by Goliath to cover an army of 1,300 Goliaths. If it were possible—we did it with ease in Figure 10—to put 1,358 men, each weighing eleven stones, together with one boy weighing half that amount, into a box, they would almost exactly balance a case containing the net receipts of the Post Office in sovereigns; but in view of the fact that each arm of the balance would have to support a weight of considerably more than ninety-three tons, we hesitate to recommend the experiment as one to be practically carried out.

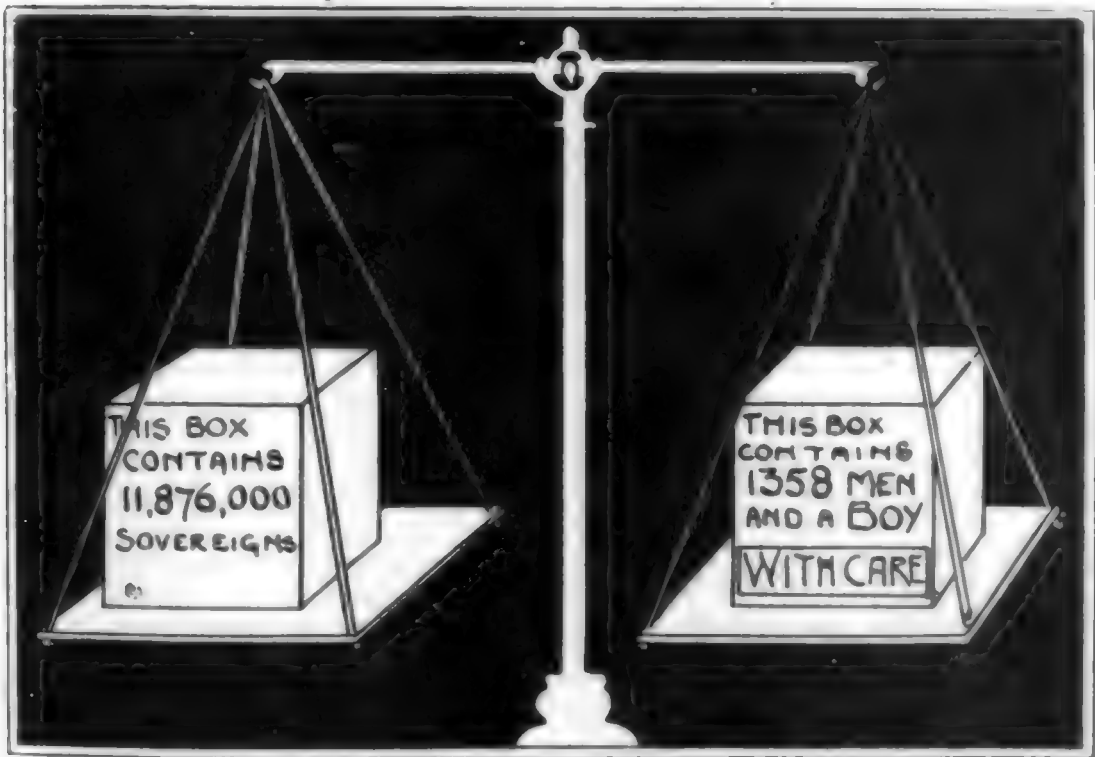


FIGURE 10



WRITTEN BY H. FALCONER ATLEE. ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR

SHE stood waiting for him on the quay, her pale, careworn face lit up by a faint smile, her large, sunken, grey eyes sparkling with anticipation.

"He is coming back at last, darling," she said, drawing the little girl at her side closer—"at last;" and she sighed as she thought of the long, slow months that had elapsed since Harold Granton's departure—since they had taken him away.

*Time on whose arbitrary wing
The varying hours must flag or fly.*

Hers was a sad story—so simple, yet so pathetic. Married at nineteen, she

had known happiness for two years with a kind and loving husband and her darling little baby. Harold Granton was secretary to the old Squire at Bowley Hall, in their native home, esteemed and honoured by all, and treated by the old man more as a son than as a dependent.

"I wish you were my son," he would murmur occasionally, thinking of his own boy who had turned out so badly—a spendthrift, a gambler; and Harold was sorry for him, so lonely amongst all his riches, in the grand old mansion on the hill.

Harold's father, the vicar of the parish, had often sought to reconcile

father and son, but to no avail; the Squire was obstinate.

And as she stood on the quay, watching the ever curling and uncurling waves, watching the ever increasing speck on the horizon—the ship that was bringing Harold back to her—the dreadful events of three years ago came back to her: Harold accused of theft—of the theft of some important papers from the Squire; the discovery of these papers amongst Harold's things; then the trial; his sentence. She still heard his voice, so truthful, so sincere: "I am innocent." She recollected how, as she staggered away from the court, Gilbert Dently,

to help her. Gilbert Dently came down occasionally from London to see her, but his visits, his manner, his familiarity were unwelcome.

"My dear little wife!" And two strong arms encircled her trembling form.

"Darling Harold!" And she gazed at the thin face, where two honest eyes seemed as the reflection of the character.

They decided to leave England, to try, in a new land, to build up their position, to live happily again, forgotten by the cruel world. Yet once again did Harold want to see his birthplace, his



"OH, HAROLD! IT'S GILBERT DENTLY!"

the Squire's profligate son, had offered her his arm, how she had marvelled to see him, and how she had resented his advances. Something seemed to warn her against him. His exaggerated politeness seemed false; his patronising attentions were revolting to her.

Harold's father had died of a broken heart, and his family had moved to another part of the country, yet she and her little girl had lived where Harold had left them—lived there, counting the days, the hours, till he came back. "I know he is innocent," she had told the old Squire, who persistently continued

father's grave—once again to enter the house where he had loved and been happy.

It was night when they reached the station nearest to the village, three long miles away. Harold took up his little girl, while his wife clung to his arm, and they started off on their tramp. It was a blustering night. The wind swooped down from time to time like a bird of prey, carrying before it leaves and branches of the trees, and odds and ends. The road ran beside the river, whose waters were now lashed into fury by the hurricane; always swift and

treacherous, the stream was a foaming torrent to-night, dashing up against the rocks that peeped up here and there, discernible in the fitful rays of the moon.

It was a long walk, a silent one, for each had so many things to think of. They were close home now. On the right, at the top of a slope, the Hall stood out darkly against the wild sky.

"See! see!" she said, pointing to a boat, with only one occupant, that had put off from the opposite bank.

"Good gracious!" answered Harold. "Why, no boat can live in a stream like that!" And, as if to agree with his words, a sudden blast of wind swept down, seized the head of the boat, and whirled it round, bringing it with dreadful force in contact with a rock, and precipitating the occupant into the seething waters, amidst the *débris* of the boat. There was one loud cry above the tumult of the atmosphere; a cry, answered by another one from Harold, who, setting down his little daughter, with one word to his wife, tore off his coat, and, without hesitation, plunged into the river.

Spellbound, his wife watches him struggle, and slowly but steadily reach the form clinging to the rock. He has it! Oh! he disappears! No! there he is again! Onward, onward, and at last he and his burden are on the bank.

"Oh, Harold!" she screams, as soon as she sees the now senseless body on the bank near her husband: "it's Gilbert Dently!" And, noticing the ghastly wound on his forehead, from which blood is slowly trickling over his ashen

face: "You must help me to take him to the Hall."

And Harold, thinking only of his duty, and not of the probable consequences of his appearance before the Squire, loads Gilbert's body on his shoulders, and, followed by his wife and child, slowly takes the well-known path to the Hall.

"You! you!" mutters the Squire, on entering the room where Harold waits to tell him the truth; he had left the wounded man to the care of his wife and the servants.

"Yes," answered Harold simply, "I am a bearer of sad news. Your son is ill; come to him."

"Where is he?" and, without waiting an answer, the old man hurries out of the room into the hall, where the ser-



vants have brought a mattress and pillows and brandy for the master's son!"

"Gilbert, Gilbert!"

And the son knows the voice of his father, for he slowly opens his eyes and faintly murmurs, "Who saved me?" There was a silence.

The Squire's eyes fell on the wet garments of Harold. "You?"

Harold bowed quietly.

"Come," continued the Squire, and taking Harold's hand he made him kneel near Gilbert, "This is your rescuer!"

Scarcely had the wounded man's eyes caught sight of Harold than he sat up, a ghastly spectacle with the blood oozing from beneath the hasty bandages—"Oh! God is just," he moaned, and before all present he then related in a few words his own infamy in stealing the papers and allowing Harold to bear

the blame. "Jealousy," he continued, "was my motive, jealousy, because he stood so high in my father's opinion."

He sank back exhausted!

A death-like silence reigned, broken at last by the old Squire going up to Harold and clasping him in his arms, murmuring one word, "Forgive."

The doctor, urgently summoned, pronounced the case hopeless, and a few days afterwards a melancholy funeral took place, the old Squire leaning on Harold's arm during the ceremony; "God has taken one, but given me another!"

Harold was cleared, and when the Squire died many years later Bowley Hall and an ample fortune were left to him.

The neighbourhood know no more charming hostess than Mrs. Granton and her fascinating children.



The Law and the Cyclist

WRITTEN BY W. J. JOHNSTON. ILLUSTRATED BY DUAMOT

SO long ago as the year 1881 Sir Thomas Parkyns, anticipating the march of events, invented a tricycle which could be propelled either by the feet of the rider or by steam. There was nothing in the structure or working of the machine to indicate the use of steam power; the weight was only about two hundredweight, and the tyres were of india-rubber and an inch and a-half wide. Altogether it was a very proper and useful vehicle in every way; but when the inventor attempted to use it in the streets of London, he was harassed by the myrmidons of the law, and was fined by the magistrates because he had gone at a higher rate of speed than two miles an hour, and had not kept a man in front with a red flag and a man behind, in accordance with the Locomotive Acts. A special Act of Parliament was required to remedy such an anomalous and retrogressive state of affairs as the decision in Parkyns' case introduced, and yet lawyers believe that their beloved science is "the true embodiment of everything that's excellent"—that it contains within its principles full provision for all the requirements of civilisation. Truly, as some one says compendiously, the law is an ass. By the Act of 1896, passed fifteen years after Sir Thomas Parkyns was prosecuted for being in advance of his times, light locomotives which comply with certain statutory regulations were permitted to make the Queen's highway the exciting and interesting spot that it is to-day.

It is not so very long ago since bicycles were, in a law book, styled contemptuously "those bewitched and

be-saddled wheel-barrow concerns"; and an eminent judge defined them on one occasion as "a compound of man and wheels—a kind of centaur." But no amount of abuse or contempt can stem the tide of progress. Says Launce to Speed, "Then may I set the world on wheels," and his prediction or desire has been amply fulfilled. Nowadays everybody indulges in cycling, from the highest to the lowest in the land, and we even have an eminent judge confessing in public that accidents arising out of bicycle collisions had become so frequent that he had taken to cycling himself in order to have some practical knowledge of this all-embracing form of amusement and locomotion.

The civil rights and duties of cyclists are, of course, governed by the ordinary rules as to negligence applicable to all persons who use the highway; but those rules have received within recent years a number of novel illustrations in cycling cases that are worth consideration. One of them, in which a lady cyclist and an omnibus horse were the chief *dramatis personæ*, may be taken as a typical case. While the cyclist and a London omnibus were approaching each other diagonally, both declining to deviate from the line of approach, the lady came into violent collision with one of the horses. At the crucial moment she managed to clutch the animal's neck, and so escaped being trampled under foot; but her ankle was twisted out of joint, and her bicycle was smashed. When the case came into Court, it was considered that the omnibus driver could have avoided the cyclist if he had used ordinary care, and therefore was guilty of negligence. But that did not end the matter, for it was decided

that the lady, in not diverging from her course after she had seen the 'bus, had contributed to the accident, and accordingly her claim was dismissed. The same principle is illustrated in another case, in which a man, at 11.30 p.m., had negligently left his cart for a few minutes on the public road with the shafts resting on the ground. A bicyclist ran up against it and was badly injured. In an action for damages, the Judge, while admitting that the owner of the cart had been negligent in leaving it on the public road at such an hour, considered that the cyclist could have seen the cart in time if he had been reasonably careful, and dismissed the action. But this principle cuts both ways. There have been numerous cases in which cyclists, by

the most unmistakable negligence, have knocked down and seriously injured pedestrians, and yet have escaped liability on proof of contributory negligence on the part of the injured persons.

It is agreed on all sides that cyclists must conform to all the regulations to which the drivers of ordinary vehicles are subject; but many judges, commenting on the noiselessness and the other characteristics of bicycles, have declared that bicyclists must take some additional precautions to avoid injuring and being injured by others. It is almost impossible for the driver of a cab or 'bus to see a cyclist who is riding alongside his conveyance; and in a London case in which the parties happened to be in such a position, the



bicyclist, who had been injured by the sudden divergence of the 'bus into a side street, failed to recover damages from the owners of the 'bus. It should always be borne in mind in connection with street traffic, that the rule of the road is not by any means a law, but only a custom; and if a cyclist, while riding on his own side of the road, is injured by a vehicle which is on the wrong side, he will not necessarily succeed in an action for damages, though, of course, there is a strong presumption in his favour. The converse case holds good also—a cyclist who, while riding on the wrong side of the road, injures another, is not necessarily liable, though the presumption is strongly against him.

The regulations with reference to the use of cycles on roads and streets in England and Scotland, as contained in the Local Government Acts, are of enormous importance to cyclists. First of all, it is declared that bicycles and tricycles are "carriages," and subject to all the regulations as to carriages on the highway; but they are not carriages within the meaning of the Turnpike Acts, and are, therefore, not chargeable with tolls. In the case in which this point was considered, it was argued that it would be just as reasonable and consistent to hold that roller skates were carriages, and therefore liable for toll, as to make bicycles liable. As a necessary consequence of regarding cycles as carriages for the purpose of the Highway Act, it is illegal to indulge in bicycle-racing on the public highway, or to ride on the footpath. Cycling on the footpath has been a prolific source of litigation, and it is possible that there will be legislation on the subject before long. There seems to be no reason in principle why cyclists should not be allowed to use the footpath on quiet country roads; and even in suburban avenues and streets cycling on the footpath would cause no more inconvenience to the public than the practice of wheeling perambulators there does at present. As the law stands, however, a cyclist who rides on the footpath in England or Scotland, even when there is nobody in sight and nobody "obstructed," is guilty of an offence and liable to a penalty. The law on this subject is the

same in Ireland, where the judges have decided that the footpath is a place exclusively set apart for foot passengers, and that cyclists cannot in any sense be held to answer such a description. One of the judges remarked that cyclists would continue to ride on the footpath so long as no policeman was within sight; and he recommended, with unnecessary harshness, that in all future cases of the kind the highest penalty possible should be imposed.

The Local Government Acts provide further that during the period between one hour after sunset and one hour before sunrise a lighted lamp shall be carried on every machine, throwing its light in the direction in which the cyclist is proceeding. It is also provided that every cyclist, upon overtaking any vehicle or foot passenger, shall give some audible notice of his approach, as by sounding a bell or whistle; but the use of such means must be reasonable and prudent. If a bell is used unnecessarily or for the purpose of frightening persons or animals, the cyclist is, of course, responsible for any actual damage that may ensue, though he cannot be held accountable for a mere nervous shock. However, if a cyclist neglects to conform to this provision of the Act, a member of the public is not entitled to take the law into his own hands and punish the offender. For instance, a bicyclist, in the act of overtaking and passing a carriage on the highway, failed to give any notice of his approach, whereupon the driver of the carriage proceeded to "lasso" the bicycle with his whip, and brought the cyclist to the ground, where the wheel of the carriage passed over his leg and smashed his cycle. A judge and jury refused to countenance such a method of enforcing the law, and awarded £30 as damages to the injured man. Nor are cyclists themselves, on the other hand, permitted to usurp executive functions. A bicyclist, riding in a quiet country lane, saw a dog making for his leg, and thinking that his life was in danger, whipped out a revolver and shot the animal dead. He was fined by the magistrate, and, of course, it must be taken that this decision, which was confirmed on appeal, was right; but it is difficult to see what

other procedure a cyclist, who was fortunate enough to possess a revolver, ought to have adopted in such an emergency. Perhaps, indeed, he should have waited for some tangible evidence of the dog's real intention before pronouncing the stern decree of death.

The authority of a policeman to stop cyclists who are infringing the law is limited, and has been the subject of two recent decisions—one in England and the other in Ireland. The facts in the English case are common enough. A policeman, while on duty one night in the parish of Keynsham, in Somersetshire, saw a bicyclist approaching who had no lamp, and called on him to stop. The cyclist refused to do so, whereupon the policeman caught hold of the handlebar of the bicycle, and caused the rider to be thrown to the ground. On the hearing of a summons against the policeman for assault, the magistrate ruled that as he had no means of ascertaining the cyclist's name and address, he was bound to stop him in the way he had done. The Superior Courts, however, on appeal, held that a constable has no power to stop a cyclist who is seen committing a breach of any of the regulations in the Local Government Act, and accordingly sent back the case to the magistrates to be re-heard. But, of course, a cyclist may still be stopped and arrested who contravenes any of the provisions of the Highway Act, as by riding furiously or wilfully obstructing the thoroughfare. In an Irish case, a bicyclist, who had been seen riding on the footpath, refused to stop at the request of a policeman, and was riding past at full speed when the constable caught the bicycle, causing it and the rider to be hurled to the ground. The judge, before whom the case came for investigation, decided that, since it was competent for the policeman to arrest the cyclist for riding on the footpath, he had not over-stepped his duty in stopping him in the manner described. It was conceded, however, that in all cases where a fugitive cyclist could only be stopped at the risk of breaking his leg, or taking his life outright, "it would be better to let the man go by."

Cyclists, of necessity, come frequently in contact with innkeepers, railway com-

panies, and even cab-drivers, and there is much law regulating the mutual rights of such parties. It has been questioned whether bicycles are within the rule of liability of innkeepers, inasmuch as they do not, like horses, consume provender and so bring profit to the innkeeper; but this view is untenable. It has been settled that innkeepers are liable if a bicycle, belonging to a guest, is stolen from an inn while the guest is staying there, even though no charge is made for the care and storage of the machine (provided, of course, that the loss was not occasioned by the cyclist's own negligence). In one of the reported cases on this point, the cyclist, when he arrived at a certain inn, suggested to the ostler that his machine should be put into the coach-house, but he was directed to leave it in a corner of the open yard. When he was leaving the inn in the evening, he found that his bicycle, a new one, had been taken away and an old one left in its place. He sued the innkeeper, who, failing to establish a plea of contributory negligence, was mulcted in fifteen pounds.

Railway companies are, of course, liable if, through any defect in their ways or works, a cyclist or his machine is injured. For instance, the workmen of an Irish railway company, while felling some trees, dislodged a telegraph wire. A policeman, coming along on his bicycle, collided with the wire, and his machine was broken. There could be no doubt as to liability in such a case. And if a cyclist or his machine is injured through the unevenness with which a tramway track or a railway line at a level crossing is laid, the company again will be liable. The question whether a bicycle is "personal luggage," so as to enable a passenger on a railway to carry it with him free of charge, has never been positively settled, though a county court judge is reported in *The Times* to have decided that such an article could not be treated as personal luggage. It is more than likely, taking into consideration the dimensions, structure, and use of cycles, that this decision was right, and that the usual charge for the carriage of such articles is allowable. But a commercial traveller who carries on his rounds the component parts of

cycles and incomplete machines as samples, is entitled to the special terms given by railway companies in respect of commercial travellers' luggage, and should not be charged the higher rates for bicycles.

Cab-drivers are sometimes asked to carry bicycles on their vehicles, and it depends on the circumstances of the case whether they can refuse to do so. According to the regulations and bye-

laws in most large centres, cab-drivers are bound to carry a reasonable quantity of luggage for a passenger; but there is no hard and fast rule as to what is a reasonable quantity. It was decided in a particular case by a London magistrate, who, however, laid down no general principle, that the cab-driver in question was justified in refusing to carry a bicycle belonging to a passenger.

